The Tragœdy of

ROLLO

Duke of Normandy.

ACTED BY HIS

Majesties Servants.

Written by

JOHN FLETCHER

Gent.

OXFORD,

Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD

Printer to the Universitie.

ANNO 1640.

The Tragedy of ROLLO

The Names of the Actors.

Rollo } *Sonnes to the deceased Duke of Normandy.*
Otto }

Aubrey, *Kinsman to Rollo.*

Gisbert } *Two Counsellors of State.*
Balwin, }

Latorch, *Favorite to Rollo.*

Hamond, *Captaine of the Guard.*

Allan, *His brother.*

Granpree } *Servants to Rollo.*
Verdon, }

Trevite, } *Servants to Otto.*
Du Prette, }

Cittizens. } Cooke.
Guard. } Butler.
Servants. } Pantler.
Boyes. } Yeoman of the Cellar.

Russee. }
De Bubie. }
La-Fiske. } *Cheaters.*
Norbret. }
Pipeane. }

Sophia, *The old Dutchesse.*
Matilda, *Her daughter.*
Edith, *Daughter to Baldwin.*

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
DYCE BEQUEST
1869

THE TRAGOEDY OF ROLLO

Duke of NORMANDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.

Baldw. THe brothers then are met?

Gisb. They are.

Baldw. Tis thought they may be re-

Gisb. Tis rather wish'd. (concil'd.

For such whose reason doe direct their thoughts
Without selfe flattery, dare not hope it *Baldwin*,
The fires of love which the dead Duke believed
His equall care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided; and there are
Too many on both parts that know they cannot
Or rise to wealth or honour, their maine ends,
Vnlesse the tempest of the Princes fury
Make troubled Seas, and those Seas yeeld fit Billowes
To heave them up, and these are too well practis'd
In their bad arts to give way to a calme,
Which yeelding rest to good men proves their ruine.

Bald. And in the shipwrack of their hopes and fortunes

The Dukedome might be ſav'd, had it but ten
That ſtood affected to the generall good,
With that confirm'd zeale which brave *Aubrey* does.
Gisb. He is indeed the perfect character of a good man,
And ſo his actions ſpeak him.
Bald. And did you obſerve the many doubts & cautions
the brothers ſtood upon before they met?
Gisb. I did, and yet that ever brothers ſhould
Stand on more nice termes then ſworne enemies
After a war proclaimd would with a ſtranger,
Wrong the reporters credit; they ſaluted
At diſtance, and ſo ſtrong was the ſuſpicion
Each had of other, that before they durſt
Embrace, they were by ſeverall ſervants ſearcht,
As doubting conceal'd weapons; antidotes
Tane openly by both, fearing the roome
Appointed for the enterview was poyſoned;
The chaires and cuſhions with like care ſurvai'd,
And in a word, in every circumſtance
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Then to be fear'd, concord can never joyne
Mindes ſo divided.
Baldw. Yet our beſt endeavours
Should not be wanting *Gisbert*.
Gisb. Neither ſhall they, *Enter Granpree and Verdon.*
But what are theſe?
Baldw. They are without my knowledge,
But by their manners and behaviours
They ſhould expreſſe themſelves.

SCENA 2.

Gisbert, Baldwin, Granpree, Verdon.

Gran. Since we ſerve *Rollo*
The eldeſt Brother, weel be *Rollians*,
Who will maintaine us as brave as *Romans*
You ſtand for him?
Verd. I doe.

Gran.

Gran. Why then obſerve,
How much the buſineſſe, the ſo long'd for buſineſſe,
By men that are nam'd from their ſwords concernes you:
Lechery, our common friend, ſo long kept under
With whips and beating fatall hemp ſhall riſe;
And baudry in a French-hood ſhall plead before her
Where it ſhall be concluded, after twelve
Virginity ſhall be carted.

Verd. Excellent!

Gran. And Hell but grant the quarrell thats betweene
The Princes may continue, and the buſineſſe
That's of the ſword, t'outlaſt three ſutes in law.
And we will make Atturneys lans prizadoes,
And our brave Gown-men practiſers of back-ſword,
The pewter of all Serjeants Maces ſhall be melted
And turn'd into common Flaggons,
In which it ſhall be lawfull to carrouſe
To their moſt lowſey fortunes.

Baldw. Here's a ſtatesman!

Gran. A Creditor ſhall not dare but by petition
To make demand of any debt, and that
Only once every leap yeare, in which if
The debtor may be won for a French Crown
To pay a ſouſe, he ſhall be regiſtred
His benefactor.

Verd. The Chancellour heares you.

Gran. Feare not, I now dare ſpeak as lowd as he,
And will be heard and have all that I ſpeak law.
Have you no eyes? there's a reverence due
From children of the gowne to men of action.

Gisb. How's this?

Gran. Ev'n ſo, the times, the times are chang'd,
All buſineſſe is not now prefer'd in parchment,
Nor ſhall a grant paſſe which wants this broad ſeale,
This ſeale, doe you ſee? your gravity once laid
My head and heeles together in the dungeon
For cracking a ſcald officers crowne, for which
A time is come for vengeance and expect it,

For know you have not full three houres to live.
Gisb. Yes somewhat longer.
Gran. To what end?
Gisb. To hang you, think on that Ruffion.
Gran. For you Schoolemaster, you have a pretty daughter;
let me see,
Neere three a clock, by which time I much feare
I shall be tir'd with killing some five hundred,
Provide a bath, and her to entertaine me.
And that shall be your ransome.
Baldw. Impudent raskall!

Scena 3.

Enter to them Trevile, and Duprete.

Gisb. More of the crue.
Gran. What are you *Rollians*?
Trevile. No: this for *Rollo* and all such as serve him:
We stand for *Otto.*
Gran. You seeme men of fashion,
And therefore ile deale fairely, you shall have
The honour this day to be chronicled
The first men kill'd by *Granpree*; you see this sword,
A prettie foolish toy, my valours servant,
And I may boldly say a Gentleman,
It having made when it was *Charlemaines*
Three thousand Knights; this Sir shall cut your throat,
And doe you all faire service elfe.
Tre. I kisse your hands for the good offer, here's another
The servant of your servant, which shall be proud
To be scowr'd in your sweet guts, till when,
Pray you command me. *Exeunt omnes praeter*
Gran. Your Idolater Sir. *Gisbert & Baldwin.*
Gish. That ever such
Should hold the names of men!
Or justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such roots up.
Baldw. Yet they are protected, and by the great ones.
Gisb. Not the good ones *Baldwin.*

Scena. 4.

Anbrey, Gilbert, Baldwin.

Aub, Is this a time to be ſpent thus by ſuch
That are the principall miniſters of the State?
When they that are the heads have fill'd the Court
With factions, a weake woman only left
To ſtay their bloudy hands? can her weake arme
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was? O *Gisbert* the faire tryalls
And frequent proofes which our late Maiſter made
Both of your love and faith, gave him aſſurance
To chooſe you at his death to be a Guardian, nay
A Father of his Sonnes, and that great truſt
How ill doe you diſcharge? I muſt be plaine
That at the beſt y'are a ſad looker on
Of thoſe bad practiſes you ſhould prevent.
And where's the uſe of your Philoſophy
In this ſo needfull time? be not ſecure,
For *Baldwin* be aſſur'd ſince that the Princes
When they were young and apt for any forme,
Were given to your inſtruction and grave ordering,
'Twill be expected that they ſhould be good,
Or their bad manners will be imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in me my Lord to alter nature.

Gisb. Nor can my Counſells work on thē that will not
Vouchſafe me hearing.

Aub. Doe theſe anſwers ſort
Or with your place or perſons? or your years?
Can *Gisbert* being the piller of the Lawes
See them trod under foot, or forc't to ſerve
The Princes unjuſt ends, and with a frowne
Be ſilenc'd from exclaiming on the abuſe,
Or *Baldwin* only weepe the deſperate madneſſe
Of his ſeduced Pupills? See thoſe minds
Which with good arts he labour'd to build up,

Examples of ſucceeding times oreturn'd
By undermineing Paraſites; no one precept
Leading to any act, or great or good
But is forc'd from their memory, in whoſe roome
Black Counſailes are receiv'd and their retirements
And ſecret conference, produceing only
Diveliſh deſignes, a man would ſhame to father.
But I talke when I ſhould doe, and chide others
For that I now offend in.

Scena 5.

Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Granpree, Otto, Verdon, Duprete, Gisbert, Baldwin, Aubrey.

Gisb. See't confirm'd:
Now doe or never ſpeak more,
We are yours.

Rollo: You ſhall know who I am.

Otto: I doe, my equall.

Rol. Thy Prince, give way, were we alone ide force thee
In thy beſt bloud to write thy ſelfe my ſubject,
And glad I would receive it.

Aub. Sir.

Gisb. Deare Lord.

Otto. Thy ſubject?

Rol. Yes, nor ſhall tame patience hold mee
A minute longer, only halfe my ſelfe,
My birth gave me this Dukedome, and my ſword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her boſome, ere I part with
A peece of Earth, or title that is mine.

Otto. I need it not, and would ſcorne to receive
Though offer'd what I want not, therefore know
From me though not deliver'd in great words,
Eies red with rage, poore pride, and threatning action;
Our father at his death, then when no accent
Wer't then a ſonne could fall from him in vaine,
Made us co-heires, our part of land and honours
Of equall waight, and to ſee this confirm'd
The oath of theſe is yet upon record, Who

Who though they ſhould forſake me, and call downe
The plagues of perjury on their ſinfull heads,
I would not leave my ſelfe.
Tren. Nor will we ſee the will of the dead Duke in-
Lator. Nor I fring'd.)
The elder rob'd of what's his right.
Granp. Nor you?
Let me take place I ſay I will not ſee it,
My ſword is ſharpeſt.
Aub. Peace you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame.,
Which will conſume you.
Roll. You are troubleſome, *to Baldwin,*
This is no time for Arguments, my title
Needs not your ſchoole defenees, but my ſword
With which the Gordian of your Sophiſtry
Being cut, ſhall ſhew the Impoſture for your lawe. *to Giſ.*
It is in me to change them as I pleaſe,
I being above them (*Gisbert*)
Would you have me protect them?
Let them then now ſtretch their extreameſt rigour,
And ſeize upon that Traitor, and your tongue
Make him appeare firſt dangerous and then odious,
And after under the pretence of ſafety
For the ſick State, the Lands and Peoples quiet,
Cut off his head, and Ile give up my ſword,
And fight with them at a more certaine weapon
To kill, aud with authority.
Gisb. Sir I graunt,
The Lawes are uſefull weapons, but found out
To aſſure innocence not to oppreſſe.
Roll. Then you conclude him innocent?
Gisb. The power your father gave him, muſt not prove
Aub. Nor ſhould you ſo receive it. (a crime.
Bald. To which purpoſe,
All that dare challenge any part in goodneſſe
Will become Suppliants to you.
Roll. Such have none,

That dare move mee in this, hence, I defy you
Be of his party, bring it to your lawes,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular foole:
Your morrall rules of justice, and her ballance.
I stand on my owne Guard.
Otto. Which thy injustice
Will make thy enimies; by the memory
Of him whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes with an impious hand,
Thou throwst out to contempt, in thy repineing
At his so just decree; thou art unworthy
Of what his last will, not thy merit gave thee,
That art so swolne within, with all those mischieses
That ere made up a Tyrant, that thy brest
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them
But that they break forth, and in thy owne words
Discover, what a monster they must serve,
That shall acknowledge thee.
Rol. Thou shalt not live *Offers his sword at Otto, the faction joyneing Aubrey be-*
To be so happy. *tween severs the Brothers.*
Aub. Nor your misery
Begin in murder; duty, allegeance,
And all respect of what you are forsake mee.
Doe you stare ons? is this a theater?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to manfencers,
To make you sport? keepe them asunder, or
By Heaven Ile charge on all.
Gran. Keepe the peace,
I am for you my Lord, and if you'l have me
Ile act the Constables part.
Aub. Live I to see this!
Will you doe that your Enimies dare not wish,
And cherish in your selves those furies which
Hell would cast out? doe, I am ready, kill me,
And these that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason
And make you men againe, which now you are not.
Rol. These are your bucklers boy,

Otto. My hinderances,
And were I not confirm'd, my juſtice in
The taking of thy life, could not waigh downe
The wrong, in ſhedding the leaſt drop of blood
Of theſe, whoſe goodneſſe only now protects thee.
Thou ſhould'ſt feele, I in act would prove my ſelfe
What thou in words doſt labour to appeare.
Rol. Heare this and talke againe, Ile break through all
But I will reach thy heart.
Otto. Tis better guarded.

Scæna. 6.

Sophia, Rollo, Otto and the reſt.

Soph. Make way or I will force it, who are theſe
My ſonnes, my ſhames; turne all your ſwords on mee,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnaturall quarrell finde a grave
In the unhappy wombe that brought you forth.
Dare you remember that you had a Mother,
Or looke on theſe gray haires, made ſo with teares
For both your goods, and not with age, and yet
Stand doubtfull to obay hers? from me you had
Life, nerves and faculties to uſe thoſe weapons,
And dare you raiſe them againſt her, to whome
You owe the meanes of being what you are?
Otto. All peace is meant to you.
Soph. Why is this warre then?
As if your armes could be advanc'd, and I
Not ſet upon the wracks, your blood is mine
Your danger's mine, your goodneſſe I ſhould ſhare in,
And muſt be branded with thoſe impious markes
You ſtamp on your owne foreheads, and on mine
If you goe on thus: for my good name therefore
Though all reſpects of honour in your ſelves
Are in your fury choakt, throw downe your ſwords.
Your duty ſhould be ſwifter then my tongue,
And joyne your hands while they are innocent,
You have heat of blood and youth apt to ambition

To plead an easy pardon for what's past;
But all the ills beyond this houre committed,
From Gods or men must hope for no excuse.
Gisb. Can you heare this unmov'd?
Anb. No Syllable
Of this so pious charme, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceipts
With which the Divell blindes you.
Otto. I begin to melt, I know not how.
Rol. Mother, Ile leave you,
And Sir, be thankfull for the time you live
Till wee meet next, (which shall be soone and suddaine)
To her perswasion for you.
Soph. O yet stay,
And rather then part thus, vouchsafe me hearing
As enimies, how is my soule divided!
My love to both is equall as my wishes,
But are return'd by neither, my griev'd heart
Hold yet a litle longer, and then break;
I kneele to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes the authority of a Mothers power,
And therefore like my selfe, *Otto* to thee,
And yet observe sonne, how thy Mothers teares
Out strip her forward words to make way for 'em,
Thou art the younger *Otto*, yet be now
The first example of obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my love.
Otto. The meanes to be so happy?
Soph. This, yeeld up thy sword,
And let thy pietie give thy mother strength
To take that from thee, which no enimies force
Could ere dispoile thee of. why dost thou tremble?
And with a fearefull eye fixt on thy brother,
Observ'st his ready sword as bent against thee?
I am thy armour and will be pierc't through
Ten thousand times before I will give way
To any perill may arrive at thee,
And therefore feare not.
Otto. Tis not for my selfe

But for you Mother; you are now engag'd
In more then lies in your unqueſtion'd vertue.
For ſince you have diſarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world
May ſay it was your practiſe.
Soph. All worlds periſh
Before my pietie turnes treaſons parent.
Take it againe, and ſtand upon your guard,
And while your brother is, continue arm'd.
And yet this feare is needleſſe, for I knowe
My *Rollo*, though he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares doe nothing baſely.
You doubt him, he feares you, I doubt and feare
Both, for others ſafety not my owne.
Know yet my ſonnes when of neceſſity
You muſt deceive or be deceiv'd, 'tis better
To ſuffer treaſon then to act the traytor;
And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome. conſider then
What 'tis for which you ſtrive, is it the Dukedome,
Or the command of theſe ſo ready ſubjects?
Deſire of wealth, or whatſoere elſe
Fires your ambition? 'tis ſtill deſperate madneſſe,
To kill the people which you would be Lords of,
With fire and ſword to lay that countrey waſt,
Whoſe rule you ſeek for, to conſume the treaſures
Which are the ſinewes of your government,
In cheriſhing the factions that deſtroy it.
Far, far be this from you, make it not queſtion'd,
Whither you can have intereſt in that Dukedome,
Whoſe ruine both contend for.
Otto. I deſire
But to enjoy my owne which I will keep.
Rollo. And rather then poſteritie ſhall have cauſe
To ſay I ruin'd all, divide the Dukedome,
I will accept the moietie.
Otto. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me first or teare me limb by limb,
And let them find as many severall graves
As there are Villages in *Normandy*,
And 'tis lesse sinne, then so to weaken it.
To heare it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead Lord, and almost blaspheme
Those powers which heard my prayers for fruitfulnesse,
And did not with my first birth close my wombe.
To me alone, my second blessing proves my first,
My first of misery, for if heaven
That gave me *Rollo*, there had staid his bounty,
And *Otto* my deere *Otto* nere had been,
Or being, had not been so worth my love,
The streame of my affection had run constant
In one faire current, all my hopes had been
Laid up in one, and fruitfull *Normandy*
In this division had not lost her glories.
For as 'tis now 'tis a faire dyamond
Which being preserv'd intire exceeds all value,
But cut in peeces, (though these peeces are
Set in fine gold by the best workmans cunning)
Parts with all estimation: so this Dukedome
As tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may covet
But cannot compasse, which divided will
Become the spoile of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.

Gisb. How this workes in both!

Baldw. Prince *Rolloes* eyes have lost their fire.

Gisb. And anger, that but ev'n now wholly possessed
Good *Otto*, hath given place to pitty.

Aub. End not thus Madam,
But perfect whats so well begun.

Soph. I see in both faire signes of reconcilement
Make them sure proofes they are so: the fates offer
To your free choice, either to live examples
Of piety or wickednesse, if the latter
Blinds so your understanding that you cannot
Pierce through her painted outside, and discover

That

That ſhe is all deformitie within,
Boldly tranſcend all preſidents of miſchiefe,
And let the laſt and the worſt act of tyrannies,
The murther of a Mother but begin
The Scene of bloud; you after are to heighten;
But if that vertue and her ſure rewards
Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to heaven and there fix you
The faireſt ſtarre in the bright ſphere of honour,
Make me the parent of a hundred ſonnes
All brought into the world with joy not ſorrow,
And every one a Father to his countrey
In being now made mother of your concord.
Rollo. Such and ſo good loud fame for ever ſpeak you.
Bald. I, now they meet like brothers.
Gisb. My hearts joy
Flowes through my eyes.
Aub. May never womans tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this ones goodneſſe.
Otto. If we contend, from this houre it ſhall be
How to orecome in brotherly affection.
Rollo. *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo Otto*,
Or as they have one minde, rather one name,
From this attonement let our lives begin,
Be all the reſt forgotten.
Aub. Spoke like *Rollo*.
Soph. And to the honour of this reconcilement
We all this night will at a publique feaſt
With choice wines drowne our late feares,
And with Muſick welcome our comforts.
Baldw. Sure and certaine ones.
Soph. Supported thus I am ſecure o ſonnes,
This is your Mothers triumph.
Rollo. You deſerve it.
Gran. Did ever ſuch a hop'd for buſineſſe end thus?
Verd. Tis fatall to us all, and yet you *Granpree*
Have the leaſt cauſe to feare,
Gran. Why, what's my hope?

The brothers throw down their ſwords and embrace.

Exeunt omnes præt. Granpre, Verdon, Treville, Dupr.

Verd.

Verd. The certainty that you have to be hang'd;
You know the Chancellours promiſe.
Gran. Plague upon you.
Verd. What think you of a bath, and a Lords daughter
To entertaine you?
Gran. Thoſe deſires are of fraile thoughts:
All friends, no *Rollions* now, nor *Ottoes*,
The ſeverall curteſies of our ſwords and ſervants
Deferr till apter conſequence: let's make uſe
Of this nights freedome, a ſhort Parliament to us,
In which it will be lawfull to walk freely,
Nay to our drink we ſhall have meat too, and thats
No uſuall buſineſſe to the men 'oth ſword.
Drink deep with me to night, we ſhall to morrow
Or whip or hang the merrier.
Trev. Lead the way then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Latorch and Rollo.

Lator. Why ſhould this trouble you?
Rollo. It does and muſt doe,
Till I finde eaſe.
Lator. Conſider then and quickly,
And like a wiſe man take the current with you
Which once turn'd head will ſink you.
Bleſt occaſion offers it ſelfe in thouſand ſafeties to you,
Time ſtanding ſtill to point you out your purpoſe,
And reſolution (the true child of vertue)
Ready to execute: what dull cold weakneſſe
Has crept into your boſome, whoſe meere thoughts
Like tempeſts ploughing up the ſoyling Forreſts
Ev'n with their ſwing were wont to ſhake down hazards,
What iſt your mothers teares?
Rollo. Prethee be patient.
Lator. Her hands held up, her prayers, or her curſes?
O Power of prayer dropt through by a woman.
Take heed the Souldiers ſee it not, 'tis miſerable
In *Rollo*, below miſerable, take heed your friends
The ſinewes of your cauſe, the ſtrength you ſtir by,
Take heed I ſay, they finde it not; take heed

Your

Your own repentance(like a paſſing bell)
Too late and too lowd tell the world you are periſh'd.
What noble ſpirit eager of advancement,
Whoſe imployment is his plough, what ſword whoſe ſharp-
Waits but the arme to weild it, or what hope (neſſe
After the world has blowne abroad this weakneſſe
Will move againe, or make a wiſh for *Rollo?*
Rollo. Are we not friends againe, by each oath ratified
Our tongues the Heralds of our hearts?
Lat. Poore hearts then.
Rollo. Our worthier friends.
Lat. No friends Sir to your honour,
Friends to your fall, where is your underſtanding
The noble veſſell that your full ſoule ſail'd in,
Rib'd round with honours, where is that? tis ruin'd,
The tempeſt of a womans ſighes hath ſunk it.
Friendſhip, take heed Sir, is a ſmiling harlot
That when ſhe kiſſes, kiſſes a ſoder'd friendſhip
Peec'd out with promiſes; ô painted ruine!
Rollo Latorch, he is my brother.
Lat. The more doubted,
For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame Tiger,
May fawne and ſport, but never leave his nature.
The jarres of brothers, two ſuch mighty ones,
Are like a ſmall ſtone throwne into a river,
The breath ſcarce heard, but view the beaten current
And you ſhall ſee a thouſand angry rings
Riſe in his face, ſtill ſwelling and ſtill growing;
So jarres circling in diſtruſts, diſtruſts pull down dangers,
And dangers death, the greateſt extreame ſhadow
Till nothing bound them but the Showers, their graves.
There is no manly wiſdome nor no ſafety
In leaning to this league, this peece patcht friendſhip,
This rear'd up reconcilement on a billow
Which as he tumbles, totters down your fortune.
Iſt not your own you reach at? law and nature
Vſhring the way before you, is not he borne and
Bequeath'd your ſubject?

Rollo. Ha?

Lat. What foole would give a ſtorme leave to diſturb him
When he may ſhut the caſement? can that man
Has woon ſo much upon you by your pitty,
And drawne ſo high, that like an ominous Comet
He darkens all your light, can this coueh'd Lyon
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell pawes
Craftily humming like a Cat to cozen you)
But ambition whets him and time fits him,
Leap to his prey, and ſeiz'd once, ſuck your heart out?
Doe you make it conſcience?

Rollo. Conſcience *Latorch*? what's that?

Lat. A teare they tye up fooles in: natures coward,
Taſting the bloud and chilling the full ſpirits
With apprehenſion of meere cloudes and ſhadowes.

Rollo. I know no conſcience, nor I feare no ſhadowes.

Lat. Or if you did, if there were conſcience,
If the free ſoule could ſuffer
The fiery minde, ſuch puddle to put it out,
Muſt it needs like a rank vine run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happineſſe
Honour and rule, and there ſit ſhaking of us?

Rollo. It ſhall not nor it muſt not: I am ſatisfied,
And once more am my ſelfe againe.
My mothers teares and womaniſh cold prayers
Farewell, I have forgot yee. If there be conſcience,
Let it not come betwixt a Crowne and me,
Which is my hope of bliſſe, and I believe it
Otto, our friendſhip thus I blowe to ayre
A bubble for a boy to play withall,
And all the vowes my weakneſſe made like this,
Like this poore heartleſſe ruſh, I rend a peeces.

Lat. Now you goe right Sir, now your eyes are open.

Rollo. My Fathers laſt petition's dead, as he is,
And all the promiſes I clos'd his eyes with,
In the ſame grave I bury.

Lat. Now you are a man Sir.

Rollo, *Otto* thou ſhewſt my winding ſheet before me,

Which

Which ere I put it on, like heavens bleſt fire
In my deſcent ile make it bluſh in bloud.
A crowne, a crowne, ô ſacred rule now fire me,
Nor ſhall the pitty of thy youth falſe brother,
Although a thouſand Virgins kneele before me.
And every dropping eye a Court of mercy,
The ſame bloud with me, nor the reverence
Due to my Mothers bleſſed wombe, that bred us
Redeem thee from my doubts: thou art a woolfe here
Fed with my feares, and I muſt cut thee from me,
A crowne, a crowne, ô ſacred rule now fire me,
No ſafety elſe.

Lat, But be not too much ſtirr'd Sir,
Nor too high in your execution; ſwallowing waters
Run deep and ſilent till they are ſatisfied,
And ſmile in thouſand curles, to guild their craft,
Let your ſword ſleep, and let my two-edg'd wit work,
This happy feaſt, the full joy of your friendſhip
ſhall be his laſt.

Rollo. How my *Latorch?*

Lan. Why thus Sir.
Ile preſently goe dive into the Officers
That miniſter at Table, gold and goodneſſe
With promiſe upon promiſe, and time neceſſary
Ile poure into 'em.

Rollo. Canſt thou doe it neatly?

Lat. Let me alone and ſuch a bait it ſhall be
Shall take off all ſuſpition.

Rollo. Goe and proſper.

Lat. Walk in then and your ſmootheſt face put on Sir.

Exeunt.

SCŒNA 2,

Enter the Mr Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, with a Iack of beere and a diſh.

Cooke. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot boyes,
Give me ſome drink; this fire's a plaguy fretter.
Body a me I am dry ſtill, give me the Iack boy,
This wooden skiffe holds nothing.

Pant. And faith maſter,
What brave new meats, for here will be old eating?
Cook. Old and young boy, let em all eat, I have it,
I have ballaſſe for their bellies, if they eat, a Gods name
Let em have ten tire of teeth a peece, I care not.
Butl. But what new rare munition?
Cook. Peuh a thouſand,
Ile make yee Pigs ſpeak French at table, and a fat Swan
Come ſculing out of England with a challenge.
Ile make yee a diſh of Calves feet dance the Canaries,
And a conſort of cram'd Capons fiddle to em.
A Calves head ſpeak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larkes
Riſe from the diſh, and ſing all ſupper time;
Tis nothing boyes, I have fram'd a fortification,
Out of Rye paſt, which is impregnable,
And againſt that for two long houres together,
Two dozen of maribones ſhall play continually.
For Fiſh ile make ye a ſtanding lake of White-broth,
And Pikes come ploughing up the plumbes before 'em.
Arion on a Dolphin playing Lachrimæ,
And brave King *Herring* with his oyle and onyon
Crownd with a leomon pill, his way prepar'd
with his ſtrong guard of pilchers.
Pant I marry maiſter:
Cook. All theſe are nothing, ile make ye a ſtubble gooſe
Turne oth toe thrice, doe a croſſe point preſently:
And then ſit downe againe, and cry, come eate mee.
Theſe are for mirth, now Sir, for matter of mourning
Ile bring ye in the lady loyne of Veale
With the long love ſhe bore the Prince of Orenge.
Omn. Thou boy, thou!
Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.
Yeo. Sel. What's that good maſter?
Cook. Tis a ſacrifice, a full vine bending like an Arch,
And under the blowne god Bacchus ſitting on a hogs-head
his altar heere, before that a plump Vintner,
Kneeling and offering incenſe to his Deity,
Which ſhall be only this, red ſpratts and pilchers. *But*.

But. This when the Tables drawne, to draw the wine in.
Cook. Thou haſt it right,
And then comes thy Song butler.
Pant. This will be admirable.
Yeo. Sel. O Sir, moſt admirable.
Cook. If you'l have the paſte ſpeak, 'tis in my power,
I have fire enough to worke it, come ſtand cloſe,
And now rehearſe the Song it may be perfect,
The drinking ſong, and lay I were the Brothers.

The Song.

Drinke to day and drowne all ſorrow,
You ſhall perhaps not doe it to morrow.
Beſt while you have it uſe your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure gainſt age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough and tiſſick,
And is for all diſeaſes Phyſick.

Then let us ſwill boyes for our health,
Who drinkes well loves the common wealth.
And he that will to bed goe ſober,
Falls with the leafe ſtill in October.

Finis.

Well have you borne your ſelves, a red-deere pye boies,
And that no leane one, I bequeath your vertues.
What friends haſt thou to day, no Cittizens?
Pant. Yes father the old Crew.
Cook. By the Maſſe true, wenches
Sirrha, ſet by a choine of beefe and a hot paſtie,
And let the jole of Sturgion be corrected,
And doe you marke ſir, ſtalke me to a Pheaſant,
And ſee and yee can ſhoote her into the Seller.
Pant. Godamercy dad,

Send me thy roaring bottles,
And with ſuch Nectar I will ſee 'em fill'd,
That all thou ſpeak'ſt ſhall be pure Helicon.
Mounſieur *Latorch*, what newes within? *Enter Lator.*

Lator. Save ye,
Save ye maiſter, ſave ye Gentlemen,
You are caſting for this preparation,
This joyfull ſupper for the royall brothers:
I'me glad I have met yee fitly, for to your charge
My bountifull brave Butler, I muſt deliver
A beavy of young laſſes, that muſt looke on
This daies ſolemnity, and ſee the two Dukes
Or I ſhall looſe my credit, you have ſtowage.

Butl. For ſuch freight ile finde roome, & be your ſervãt.

Cook. Bring 'em, they ſhall not ſtarve here, ile ſend 'em victualls (ſir.
Shall worke you a good turne, though it be ten daies hence

Lator. Godamercy noble maiſter.

Cook. Nay ile doe't.

Yeo. Sel. And Wine they ſhall not want, let 'em drink like ducks.

Lator. What miſery it is that mindes ſo royall,
And ſuch moſt honeſt bounties as yours are,
Sould be confin'd thus to uncertainties?

Butl. I, were the State once ſetled, then we had places.

Yeo. ſel. Then we could ſhew our ſelves and helpe our friends ſir.

Cook. I then there were ſome ſavour in't, where now
We live betweene two ſtooles, every hower ready
To tumble on our Noſes, and for ought we know yet
For all this ſupper, ready to faſt the next day.

Lator. I would faine ſpeake to you out of pitty,
Out of the love I beare you, out of honeſty,
For your own goods, nay for the generall bleſſing.

Cook. And we would as fain hear you, pray goe forward.

Lator. Dare yee but think to make your ſelves up certainties,
Your places and your credits ten times doubled
The Princes favour *Rolloes*?

Butl.

Butl. A ſweet gentleman.
Yeo.ſel. I, and as bounteous if he had his right too.
Cook. By th'maſſe a royall gentleman indeed boies,
Hee'l make the Chimnies ſmoake.
Lator. He would doe friends,
And you too, if he had his right, true Courtiers,
What could ye want then? dare yee? ----
Cook. Pray be ſhort ſir.
Lator. And this my ſoule upon't, I dare aſſure you,
If you but dare your parts.
Cook. Dare not me Monſieur,
For I that feare neither fire nor water ſir,
Dare doe enough a man would think.
Yeo.ſel. Beleeve't ſir,
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You ſhall not finde us flinchers.
Lator. Then ile be ſuddaine.
Pant. What may this meane, and whether would he drive us?
Lator. And firſt for what you muſt doe, becauſe all dāger
Shall be apparently ti'de up and muſſel'd,
The matter ſeeming mighty, there's your pardons.
Pant. Pardons? is't come to that? good god defend us.
Lator. And here's five hūdred crowns in bounteous earneſt.
And now behold the matter. *Lator. gives each a paper.*
Butl. What are theſe Sir?
Yeo.ſell. And of what nature? to what 'uſe?
Lator. Imagine.
Cook. Will they kill rats? they eat my pies abhominably,
Or worke upon a woman, cold as Chriſtmaſſe?
I have an old jade ſticks upon my fingers.
May I taſt 'em?
Lator. Is your will made?
And have you ſaid your prayers? for they'l pay ye,
And now to come to you for your knowledge,
And for the good you never ſhall repent yee,
If ye be wiſemen now.
Cook. Wiſe as you will ſir,

Lator. Theſe muſt be put then into the ſeverall meats
Young *Otto* loves, by you into his wine ſir,
Into his bread by you, by you into his linnen.
Now if you deſire, ye have found the meanes
To make yee, and if ye dare not ye have
Found your ruine, reſolve me ere you goe.
Butl. You'l keep faith with us?
Lator. May I no more ſee light elſe.
Cook. Why 'tis done then.
Butl. Tis done.
Pant. Tis done which ſhall be undone.
Lator. About it then, farewell, ye are all of one mind?
Cook. All.
Omn. All, all.
Lator. Why then, all happy. *Exit.*
But. What did we promiſe him?
Yeo.ſel. Doe you aske that now?
Butl. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pant. Ile tell yee,
It is to be all villaines knaves and traitors.
Cook. Fine wholſome titles,
But. But if we dare goe forward.
Cook. We may be hang'd drawd & quartred.
Pant. Very true Sir, (yet I thinke too,
Cook. What a goodly ſwinge ſhall I give the gallowes,
This may be done, and we may be rewarded
Not with a rope, but with a Royall maſter,
And yet we may be hang'd too.
Yeo.ſel. Say 'twere done,
Who is it done for? is it not for *Rollo* and for his right?
Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too.
Butl. Or ſay he take it, ſay we be diſcover'd.
Yeo.ſel. Is not the ſame man bound ſtill to protect us?
Are we not his?
Butl. Sure he will never faile us.
Cook. If he doe friends, we ſhall finde that will hold us,
And yet me thinks this prologue to our purpoſe,
Theſe Crownes ſhould promiſe more. Tis eaſly done,

As eaſy as a man would roſt an egge,
If that be all; for look ye gentlemen,
Here ſtands my broths: my finger ſlipps a litle,
Downe drops a doſe, I ſtirre him with my ladle,
And there's a diſh for a Duke: *Olla podrilla:*
Here ſtands a bak't meate, he wants a litle ſeaſuing
A fooliſh miſtake, my ſpice-boxe gentlemen,
And put in ſome of this, the matters ended:
Dredge ye a diſh of Plovers, there's the art on't,
Or in a galingale a little does it.

Yeo. ſel. Or as I fill my wine.

Cook. Tis very true Sir
Bleſſing it with your hand, thus, quick and neatly firſt,
Tis paſt.

Yeo. ſel. And done once tis as eaſy
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pant. But 'tis a damned ſinne.

Cook. I never feare that,
The fire's my playfellow, and now I am reſolv'd boyes.

But. Why then have with yee.

Yeo. ſel. The ſame for mee.

Pant. For me too.

Cook. And now no more our worſhips, but our Lordſhips.

Pã. Not this yeare o' my knowledge, ile un-lord ye. *Exeũt.*

SCENA 3.

Enter Servant and Shewer.

Ser. Perfume the roome round: and prepare the table:
Gentlemen officers waite in your places.

Shewer. Make roome there,
Roome for the Dukes meate, Gentlemen be bare there,
Cleere all the entrance, Guard put by thoſe papers,
And Gentlemen Vſhers ſee the Gallery cleere
The Dukes are coming on. *Ho boyes and banquet.*

Enter Sophia between Rollo and Otto, Aubrey, Latorch, Gisbert, Baldwin, attendants Hamon, Matilda.

Serv. Tis certainly inform'd,

Otto. Reward the fellow,
And d looke you mainely to it.
Ser. My life for you Sir.
Soph. Now am I straight my Lords, and young againe,
My long since blasted hopes shoote out in blossomes,
The fruits of everlasting love appearing.
O my blest boyes, the honour of my yeares,
Of all my cares the bounteous faire rewarders!
O let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
Within a mothers love lock up your friendships,
And my sweet sonnes, once more with mutuall twinnings,
As one chast bed begot you, make one body:
Blessings from heaven in thousand showers fall on yee.
Aub. O womans goodnesse never to be equall'd,
May the most sinfull creatures of thy Sex,
But kneeling at thy Monument, rise Saints.
Soph. Sit downe my worthy sonnes, my Lords your places.
I, now me thinks the Table's nobly furnish't,
Now the meat nourishes, the wine gives Spirit,
And all the roome stuck with a generall pleasure,
Shewes like the peacefull bower of happinesse.
Aub. Long may it last, and from a heart fill'd with it
Full as my cup, I give it round my Lords.
Bald. And may that stubborne heart be drunk with sorrow
Refuses it, men dying now should take it,
And by the vertue of this Ceremony
Shake off their miseries and sleepe in peace.
Roll. You are sad my noble brother.
Otto. no indeed Sir.
Soph. No sadnesse my sweet sonne this day.
Roll. Pray ye eate,
Something is here you have lov'd, taste of this dish,
It will prepare your Stomack.
Otto. Thank you brother,
I am not now dispos'd to eate.
Roll. Or that,
You put us out of heart man, come these bak'd meats
Were ever your best dyet.

Otto.

Otto. None I thanke you.
Soph. Are you well noble Child?
Otto. Yes gratious mother.
Roll. Give him a cup of wine then, pledge the health,
Drinke it to me ile give it to my mother.
Soph. Doe my best child.
Otto. I must not my best mother,
Indeed I dare not, for of late my body
Has been much weakned, by excesse of dyet.
The promise of a feaver hanging on mee,
And even now ready, if not by abstinence.
Roll. Excuse your selfe sir,
Come tis your feare, & not your feaver brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindnesse.
My Royall mother, and my noble Lords,
Heare, for it now concernes me to speak boldly,
What faith can be expected from such vowes,
From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of friendship,
From all his full embraces, what blest issue,
When he shall brand me here with base suspition?
He takes me for a poysoner.
Soph. Gods defend it sonne.
Roll. For a foule knave, a villaine, and so feares mee.
Otto. I could say something too.
Soph. You must not so sir,
Without your great forgetfulnesse of virtue.
This is your brother and your honour'd brother,
Indeed your loving brother.
Roll. If he please so.
Soph. One noble Father with as noble thoughts,
Begot your minds and bodies, one care rockt you,
And one truth to you both was ever sacred;
Now fye my *Otto*, whether flyes your goodnesse?
Because the right hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left presently cry out, hee's maymde?
They are one my childe, one power and one performance,
And joyn'd together thus one love, one body.
Aub. I doe beseech your Grace, take to your thoughts,

More certaine Counſailors then doubts and feares,
They ſtrangle nature, and diſperſe themſelves
If once beleev'd, into ſuch foggs and errors,
That the bright truth her ſelfe can never ſever.
Your brother is a Royall gentleman,
Full of him ſelfe honour and honeſty,
And take heed Sir, how nature bent to goodneſſe,
(So ſtraight a Cedar to himſelfe) uprightneſſe
Be wreſted from his true uſe, prove not dangerous.

Roll. Nay my good brother knowes I am to patient.

Lator. Why ſhould your grace think him a poyſoner?
Has he no more reſpect to piety,
And but he has by oath tyde up his fury,
Who durſt but think that thought?

Aub. Away thou firebrand,

Lator. If men of his fort, of his power and place,
The eldeſt ſonne in honour to this Dukedome.

Bald. For ſhame cõtain thy tongue, thy poyſonous tongue,
That with her burning Venome will infect all,
And once more blow a wildfire through the Dukedome.

Gisb. Latorch, if thou bee'ſt honeſt or a man,
Containe thy ſelfe.

Aub. Goe to, no more, by heaven
You'l finde you have plaid the foole elſe,
Not a word more.

Soph. Prethee ſweet ſonne.

Roll. Let him alone ſweet mother, and my Lords;
To make you underſtand how much I honour
This ſacred peace, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all future difference
Diſcourſe may draw on, to a way of danger,
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wiſhing a generall joy may dwell among yee.

Aub. Shall we waite upon your Grace?

Rol. I dare not break yee, *La Torch*. *Exit Roll. & Lator.*

Soph. Doe you now perceive your brothers ſweetneſſe?

Otto. O mother that your tenderneſſe had eyes,
Diſcerning eyes, what would this man appeare then?

The

The tale of *Synon* when he took upon him
To ruine Troy, with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart? nothing appearing outwards
But came like innocence and dropping pitty,
Sighes that would sinke a Navy, and had tales
Able to take the eares of Saints beliefe too,
and what did all these? blew the fire to *Ilion*.
My brother has put on, oh I could tell yee
But for the reverence I beare to nature,
Things that would make your honest bloud move backward.
Soph. Yee dare tell me.
Otto. Yes in your private closet,
Where I will presently attend you, rise
I am a litle troubled but twill off.
Soph. Is this the joy I lookt for?
Otto. All will mend.
Be not disturb'd deere mother: Ile not faile you. *Exit Sophia, & Otto.*
Baldw. I doe not like this.
Anb. That's still in our powers,
But how to make it so that we may like it---
Bald. Beyond us ever. *Latorch* me thought was busie,
That fellow, if not lookt to narrowly, will doe a suddain mischiefe.
Anb. Hell look to him,
For if there may be a divell above all yet,
That rogue will make him. Keep your selfe up this night.
And so will I, for much I feare a danger.
Bald. I will, and in my watches use my praiers. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

A Stoole set out.

Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, Edith.

Otto. You wonder (Madam) that for all the shewes
My brother *Rollo* makes of hearty love,
And free possession of the Dukedome twixt us,
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious;
As if beneath those vailes, he did convey

Intents and practiſes of hate and treaſon.
Soph. It breeds indeed my wonder.
Otto. Which makes mine,
Since tis ſo ſafe and broad a beaten way
Beneath the name of friendſhip to betray.
Soph. Though in remote and further off affection
Theſe falſhoods are ſo common, yet in him
They cannot ſo force nature.
Otto. The more neere the bonds of truth binde,
The more oft they ſever,
Being better cloakes to falſhood ever.
Soph. It cannot be that fruits (the tree ſo blaſting)
Can grow in nature. take heed (gentle ſonne)
Leſt ſome ſuborn'd ſuggeſter of theſe treaſons
Beleev'd in him by you, provok'd, the rather
His tender envies to ſuch fowle attempts.
Or that your too much love to rule alone
Bred not of him this jealous paſſion,
There is not any ill we might not beare
Were not our good held at a price too deere.
Otto. So apt is treachery to be excus'd
That innocence is ſtill aloud abus'd,
The fate of vertue ev'n her friends perverts
To plead for vice oftimes againſt their hearts;
Heavens bleſſing is her curſe, which ſhe muſt beare,
That ſhe may never love.
Soph. Alas (my ſonne) nor fate nor heaven it ſelfe
Can or would wreſt my whole care of your good
To any leaſt ſecureneſſe in your ill.
What I urge iſſues from my curious feare,
Leſt you ſhould make your meanes to ſcape your ſnare,
Doubt of ſincereneſſe is the only meane,
Not to incenſe it but corrupt it cleane.
Otto. I reſt as far from wrong of all ſyncereneſſe,
As he flies from the practiſe, truſt me (Madam)
I know by their confeſſions he ſuborn'd,
What I ſhould eat, drink, touch, or only have ſented
This evening feaſt was poyſon'd, but I feare,

His

His open violence more, that treacherous odds,
In his insatiate thirst of rule
Is like to execute.
Soph. Beleeve it some,
If still his stomack be so foule, to feed
On such grosse objects, and that thirst to rule
The state alone, be yet unquencht in him,
Poysons and such close treasons ask more time
Then can suffice his fiery spirits haste,
And were there in him such desire to hide
So false a practise, there would likewise rest
Conscience and feare in him of open force,
And therefore close nor open you need feare.
Mat. Good Madame stand not so inclin'd to trust,
What proves his tendrest thoughts to doubt it just;
Who knowes not the unbounded flood and sea,
In which my brother *Rollo's* appentes
Alter and rage with every puffe of breath?
His swelling bloud exhales, and therefore heare
What gives my temperate brother cause
To use his circumspection, and consult,
For remedy gainst all his wicked purposes;
If he arme, arme, if he strow mines of treason
Meet him with countermines, 'tis justice still
(For goodnesse sake) to encounter ill for ill.
Soph. Avert from us such justice (equall heaven)
And all such cause of justice.
Otto. Past all doubt,
(For all the sacred priviledge of night)
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in,
Who knowes not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impiety, all but
Lust, gaine, ambition.

Enter Rollo arm'd and Latorch.

Rollo. Perish all the world
Ere I but loose one foot of possible Empire
By sleights and colour us'd by slaves and wretches,
I am exempt by birth from both those curbes,

And

And ſit above them in all juſtice, ſince
I ſit above in power, where power is given,
Is all the right ſuppos'd of earth and heaven.
Lat. Prove both Sir, ſee the Traitour.
Otto. He comes arm'd.
See mother now your confidence.
Soph. What rage
Affects this monſter?
Rollo. Give me way or perish.
Soph. Make thy way Viper if thou thus affect it.
Otto. This is a Treason like thee.
Rollo. Let her goe.
Soph. Embrace me, weare me as thy ſhield my ſonne,
And through my breſt let his rude weapon run
To thy lives innocence.
Otto. Play not two parts,
Treacher and coward both, but yeeld a word,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Againſt my naked boſome.
Rollo. Looſe his hold.
Mat. Forbeare baſe murtherer.
Rollo. Forſake our Mother.
Soph. Mother, do it thou name me,
And put off nature thus?
Rollo. Forſake her traitour,
Or by the ſpoile of nature through hers
This leads unto thy heart.
Otto. Hold.
Soph. Hold me ſtill.
Otto. For twenty hearts and lives I will not hazard
One drop of bloud in yours.
Soph. O thou art loſt then.
Ot. Protect my innocence heaven.
Soph. Call out murder.
Mat. Be murdred all, but ſave him.
Edith. Murder, murder.
Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet?
Otto. No fiend.

Rollo. Latorch
Reſcue, I am downe.
Lat. Vp then, your ſword cooles Sir,
Ply it i'th flame and work your ends out.
Rollo. Ha,
Have at you there Sir. *Ent. Aub.*
Aub. Author of prodigies,
What ſights are theſe!
Otto. O give me a weapon *Aubrey.*
Soph. O part em, part 'em.
Aub. For heavens ſake no more.
Otto. No more, reſiſt his fury no rage can
Adde to his miſchiefe done. *Dies.*
Soph. Take ſpirit my *Otto*,
Heaven will not ſee thee dye thus.
Mat. He is dead,
And nothing lives but death of every goodneſſe.
Soph. O he hath ſlain his brother, curſe him heaven.
Rollo. Curſe and be curſt, it is the fruit of curſing.
Latorch, take off here; bring too of that bloud
To bloudy ore my ſhirt, then raiſe the Court,
And give it out how he attempted us
In our bed naked; ſhall the name of brother
Forbid us to enlarge our ſtate or powers?
Or place affects of bloud above our reaſon,
That tells us all things good againſt another,
Are good 'ith ſame line againſt a brother. *Exit.*
Gisb. What affaires informe theſe outcries? *Enter Gisb.*
Aub. See and grieve. *Baldwin.*
Gisb. Prince *Otto* ſlaine!
Bald. O execrable ſlaughter!
What hand hath author'd it?
Aub. Your Schollers, *Baldwin.*
Baldw. Vnjuſtly urg'd Lord *Aubrey*, as if I
For being his ſchoolemaſter muſt teach this doctrine.
You are his Counſellour did you adviſe him
To this foule parricide?
Gisb. If rule affect this licenſe, who would live

To worſe then dye, in force of his obedience?
Bald. Heavens cold and lingring ſpirit to puniſh ſinne,
And humane bloud ſo fiery to commit it?
One ſo outgoes the other it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.
Aub. Burſt it then
With his full ſwing given, where it brooks no ground,
Complaints of it are vaine, and all that reſts
To be our refuge (ſince our powers are ſtrengthleſſe)
Is to conforme our wills to ſuffer freely
What with our murmures we can never maſter.
Ladies be pleas'd with what heavens pleaſure ſuffers,
Erect your Princely countenances and ſpirits,
And to redreſſe the miſchiefe now reſiſtleſſe,
Sooth it in ſhew, rather then curſe or croſſe it,
Wiſh all amends and vow to it your beſt,
But till you may performe it let it reſt.
Gisb. Thoſe temporizings are both dull and ſervile
To breath the free ayre of a manly ſoule
Which ſhall in me expire in execrations
Before for any life I ſooth a murderer.
Bald. Power lives before him till his own be drye
Of all lives ſervices and humane comforts,
None left that looks at heaven 'sleft halfe ſo baſe
To doe theſe black and helliſh actions grace.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Hamond, and Guard.

Rollo. Haſt *Latorch*,
And raiſe the City as the Court is rais'd,
Complaining the abhorr'd conſpiracy
In plot againſt my life.
Lat. I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*
Rollo. You there that mourne upon the juſtly ſlayne,
Riſe and leave it if you love your lives,
And heare from me, what (kept by you) may ſave you.
Mat. What will the Butcher doe? I will not ſtir.
Rollo. Stir, and unforc't ſtir, or ſtir never more.
Command her you (grave Beldam) that know better
My deadly reſolutions, ſince I drew them

From

From the infective fountaine of your own,
Or if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the freſh impreſſion in your heart.
Soph. Riſe daughter ſerve his will in what we may,
Leſt what we may not he enforce the rather.
Is this all you command us?
Rollo. This addition
Only admitted, that when I endeavour
To quit me of this ſlaughter, you preſume not
To croſſe me wirh a ſyllable, nor your ſoules
Murmur, nor think againſt it, but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more;
And that my hand wrought thus far to my will
Will check at nothing till his circle fill.
Mat. Fill it ſo, I conſent not, bnt who ſoothes it
Conſents, and who conſents to tyranny does it.
Rollo. Falſe Traitereſſe dy e then with him.
Aub. Are you mad
To offer at more bloud, and make your ſelfe
More horrid to your people? Ile proclaime
It is not as your inſtrument will publiſh.
Rollo. Doe, and take that along with you---ſo nimble: *He diſarms him.*
Reſigne my ſword, and dare not for thy ſoule
To offer what thou inſolently threatneſt,
One word proclaiming croſſe to what *Latorch*
Hath in commiſſion, and intends to publiſh.
Aub. Well Sir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your countrey,
And that you muſt make vertue of the need
That now compells you, ile conſent as far
As ſilence argues to your will proclaim'd.
And ſince no more ſonnes of your princely Father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wiſh
You ſhould rule like your Father, with the love,
And zeale of all your ſubjects, this foule ſlaughter
That now you have committed made aſham'd
With that faire bleſſing that in place of plagues
Heaven tries our mending diſpoſition with.

Take here your ſword, which now uſe like a Prince,
And no more like a Tyrant.
Rollo. This ſounds well.
Live and be gratious with us.
Gisb. & Bald. O Lord *Aubrey*.
Mat. He flatter thus?
Soph. He temporizes fitly.
Rollo. Wonder invades me, doe you two think much
That he thus wiſely and with need conſents
To what I author for your countries good,
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellour?
Gisb. Your Chancellour is not your flatterer Sir.
Bald. Nor iſt your Tutors part to ſhield ſuch doctrine.
Rollo. Sir firſt know you,
In praiſe of your pure Oratory that rais'd me,
That when the people who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their reſts and haſtning hither,
To witneſſe what is done here are arriv'd
With our *Latorch*, you (extempore)
Shall faſhion an Oration to acquit.
And juſtifie this forced fact of mine,
Or for the proud refuſall looſe your head.
Gisb. I faſhion an oration to acquit you?
Sir know you then that 'tis a thing leſſe eaſy
T'excuſe a parricide then to commit it.
Roll. I doe not wiſh you Sir to excuſe me,
But to accuſe my brother as the cauſe
Of his owne ſlaughter, by attempting mine.
Gisb. Not for the world, I ſhould powre bloud on bloud,
It were another murder to a[illegible]uſe
Him that fell innocent.
Roll. Away with him,
Hence, haile him ſtraight to execution.
Aub. Far fly ſuch rigor your amendfull hand.
Rol. He periſhes with him that ſpeaks for him.
Guard doe your office on him, on your lives paine.
Gisb. Tyrant 'twill haſt thine own death.
Roll. Let it wing it,

He

He threatens mee, villaines teare him peece-meale hence.
Guard. Avant Sir.
Roll. Diſpatch him Captaine,
And bring me inſtant word he is diſpatch't,
And how his Rhetorique takes it.
Ham. Ile not faile ſir.
Roll. Captaine beſides, remember this in chiefe,
That being executed you deny
To all his friends the Rites of funerall,
And caſt his carcaſe out to doggs and fowles.
Ham. Tis done my Lord. *Exit.*
Roll. Vpon your life not faile.
Bald. What impious dareing is there here of heaven!
Roll. Sir now prepare your ſelfe, againſt the people
Make here their entry to diſcharge the Oration
He hath denyde my will.
Bald. For feare of death,
Ha, ha, ha.
Roll. Is death ridiculous with you?
Workes miſery of age this, or thy Iudgement?
Bald. Iudgement falſe Tyrant?
Rollo. You'l make no Oration then.
Baldw. Not to excuſe
But agravate thy murther if thou wilt,
Which I will ſo inforce, ile make thee wreack it
(With hate of what thou win'ſt by't) on thy ſelf
With ſuch another juſtly merited murther.
Rollo. Ile anſwer you anon. *Enter Latorch.*
Lat. The Citizens
Are haſting Sir in heapes, all full reſolv'd
By my perſwaſions of your brothers treaſons.
Rollo. Honeſt *Latorch*, *Enter Hamond.*
Ham. See Sir *Gisberts* head.
Rollo. Good ſpeed, waſt with a ſword?
Ham. An axe my Lord.
Rollo. An axe, twas vilely done: I would have had
Mine own fine headſman done it with a ſword,
Goe, take this dotard here, and take his head

Off with a ſword.

Ham. Your Schoolemaſter?

Roll. Even he.

Bald. For teaching thee no better, 'tis the beſt
Of all thy damned Iuſtices, away
Captaine, ile follow.

Edith. O ſtay there Duke,
And in the midſt of all thy bloud and fury
Heare a Poore maids petitions, heare a daughter
The only daughter of a wretched father,
O ſtay your haſt, as you ſhall need this mercy.

Roll. Away with this fond woman.

Edith. You muſt heare mee:
If there be any ſparke of pitty in you,
If ſweet humanity and mercy rule you.
I doe confeſſe you are a Prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater.

Roll. Away with him.

Edith. O Captaine by thy man-hood,
By her ſoft ſoule that bare thee:---I doe confeſſe ſir,
Your doome of juſtice on your foes moſt righteous;
Good noble Prince looke on me.

Roll. Take her from me.

Edith. A curſe upon his life that hinders me,
May fathers bleſſing never fall upon him,
May heaven never heare his prayers. I beſeech you,
O Sir, theſe teares beſeech you, theſe chaſt hands woe you,
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy,
Things like your ſelfe, you are a God above us,
Be as a God then, full of ſaving mercy,
Mercy, O mercy ſir, for his ſake mercy,
That when your ſtout heart weepes, ſhall give you pitty.
Here I muſt growe.

Roll. By heaven Ile ſtrike thee woman.

Edith. Moſt willingly, let all thy anger ſeize mee,
All the moſt ſtudyed torments, ſo this good man,
This old man, and this innocent eſcape thee.

Roll. Carry him away I ſay.

Edith.

Edith. Now blessing on thee: ô sweet pitty
I see it in thy eyes. I charge ye souldiers,
Even by the Princes power release my Father,
The Prince is mercifull, why doe ye hold him?
The Prince forgets his fury, why doe ye tug him?
He is old, why doe ye hurt him? speak O speak sir,
Speak as you are a man, a mans life hangs sir,
A friends life and a foster life upon you.
'Tis but a word, but mercy, quickly spoke sir,
O speake Prince speake.

Roll. Will no man here obay mee?
Have I no rule yet? as I live he dies
That does not execute my will and suddenly.

Bald. All thou canst doe takes but one short houre frō me.

Roll. Hew off her hands.

Ham. Lady hold off.

Edith. No, hew 'em, *Exit Baldwin with the Guard.*
Hew off my innocent hands as he commands you,
Theyle hang the faster on for deaths convulsion.
Thon seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then,
Are all my teares lost, all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus then,
Thus boldly bloudy Tyrant,
And to thy face in heavens high name defy thee,
And may sweet mercy when thy soule sighs for it,
When under thy black mischieses thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength nor youth, nor friends nor gold,
Can stay one hower, when thy most wretched conscience
Wak'd from her dreame of death, like fire shall melt thee,
When all thy mothers teares, thy brothers wounds,
Thy peoples feares and curses, and my losse,
My aged fathers losse shall stand before thee.---

Roll. Save him I say, run save him; save her Father,
Fly and redeeme his head. *Exit Latorch.*

Edith. May then that pitty,
That comfort thou expect'st from heaven, that mercy
Be lockt up from thee, fly thee, howlings finde thee,
Dispaire, O my sweet father! stormes of terrors,

Bloud

Bloud, till thou burſt againe. *Enter Latorch*
Roll. O faire ſweet anger! *Hamond with a head.*
Lator. I came too late Sir, 'twas diſpatch't before,
His head is heere.
Roll. And my heart there goe bury him,
Give him faire rites of funerall decent honours.
Edith. Wilt thou not take mee monſter? high heaven,
Give him a puniſhment fit for his miſchiefe.
Lator. I feare thy prayer is heard, and he rewarded
Lady have patience 'twas unhappy ſpeed,
Blame not the Duke, 'twas not his fault but fates,
He ſent you know to ſtay it, and commanded
In care of you, the heavy object hence
Soone as it came, have better thoughts of him.
Enter the Citizens.
Cit. 1. Where's this young Traitor?
Lator. Noble Citizens heere,
And heere the wounds he gave your Soveraigne Lord.
Cit. 1. This Prince of force muſt be
Belov'd of Heaven, that heaven hath thus preſerv'd.
Cit. 2. And if he be lov'd of heaven you know,
He muſt be juſt and all his actions ſo.
Roll. Concluded like an Oracle, O how great
A grace of heaven is a wiſe Citizen!
For heaven 'tis makes them wiſe, as't made mee juſt,
As it preſerv'd mee, as I now ſurvive,
By his ſtrong hand to keep you all alive,
Your wives your childrens goods and lands kept yours,
That had been elſe prey to his Tyrannous power.
That would have prey'd on mee, in bed aſſaulted mee
In ſacred time of peace, my mother heere,
My ſiſter this juſt Lord, and all had felt
The Curtian Gulfe of this conſpiracy,
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellor,
(Two of the graveſt and moſt counted honeſt
In all my Dukedome) were the monſtrous heads.
O truſt no honeſt men for their ſakes ever
My politique Citizens, but thoſe that beare,

The names of Cutthroats, Vſerers, and Tyrants.
O thoſe beleeve in; for the foule mouth'd world
Can give no better tearmes to ſimple goodneſſe,
Even me it dares blaſpheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For ſaving mine own life, ſought by my brother;
Yet thoſe that ſought his life before by poiſon,
(Though mine own ſervants hoping to pleaſe me)
Ile lead to death for't which your eyes ſhall ſee.
Cit. 1. Why what a Prince is here!
Cit. 2. How juſt?
Cit. 3. How gentle?
Rollo. Well now my deereſt ſubjects, or much rather
My nerves my ſpirits, or my vitall bloud,
Turne to your needfull reſt, and ſetled peace,
Fixt in this root of ſteele, from whence it ſprung
In heavens great help and bleſſing, but ere ſleep
Binde in his ſweet oblivions your dull ſences,
The name and vertue of heavens King advance
For you (in chiefe) for my deliverance.
Cit. Heaven and his King ſave our moſt pious Soveraign.
Rollo. Thanks my good people, mother, & kind ſiſter, *Ex-*
And you my noble kinſman, things borne thus, *eunt Cit.*
Shall make yee all command what ever I
Enjoy in this my abſolute Empery.
Take in the body of my Princely brother,
For whoſe death ſince his fate no other way
Would give my eldeſt birth his ſupreme right,
Wee'l mourne the cruell influence it beares,
And waſh his Sepulcher with kindly teares.
Aub. If this game end thus, heavens will rule the ſeat: *Exeunt omnes præter Latorch & Edith.*
What we have yeelded to, we could not let.
Lat. Good Lady riſe and raiſe your ſpirits withall
More high then they are humbled, you have cauſe
As much as ever honour'd happieſt Lady,
And when your eares are freer to take in
Your moſt amendfull and unmatched fortunes,
Ile make yee drowne a hundred helpleſſe deaths
In ſea of one life pour'd into your boſome

With which ſhall flowe into your armes the riches;
The pleaſures, honours, and the rules of Princes.
Which though death ſtop your eares me thinks ſhould ope (them:
Aſſay to forget death.

Edith. O ſlaughtered Father!

Lat. Caſt off what cannot be redreſt, and bleſſe
The fate that yet you curſe ſo, ſince for that
You ſpake ſo movingly, and your ſweet eyes
With ſo much grace fill'd, that you ſet on fire
The Dukes affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his Dukedome, iſt not ſweet?
Does it not ſhine away your ſorrowes cloudes?
Sweet Lady take wiſe heart, and heare and tell me.

Edith. I heare no word you ſpeak.

Lat. Prepare to heare then,
And be not barr'd up from your ſelfe, nor adde
To your ill fortune with your far worſe judgement;
Make me your ſervant to attend with all joyes
Your ſad eſtate, till they both bleſſe and ſpeake it:
See how their bow t'ye, make me wait, command me
To watch out every minute, for the ſtay
Your modeſt ſorrow fancies, raiſe your graces,
And doe my hopes the honour of your motion
To all the offer'd heights that now attend you.
O how your touches raviſh! how the Duke
is ſlaine already with your flames imbrac't!
I will both ſerve and viſit you and often.

Edith. I am not fit Sir.

Lat. Time will make you Lady. *Exeunt.*

Enter Guard, 3 or 4 boyes, then the Sheriffe, Cook, Yeo. Seller, Butler, & Pantler to execution.

Guard. 1. Come bring theſe fellowes on, away with em.

Guard. 2. Make roome afore there,
Roome there for the priſoners.

Boy. 1. Lets run afore boyes, we ſhall get no plaee elſe.

Boy. 2. Are theſe the youths?

Cook. Theſe are the youths you look for.
And pray my honeſt friends be not ſo haſty.

The'rle

The'rle be nothing done till we come I assure you.
*Boy.*3. Heres a wise hanging, are there no more?
But. Doe you heare Sir,
You may come in for your share ift please you.
Cook. My friend if you be unprovided of a hanging
You look like a good fellow I can afford you
A reasonable penniworth.
*Boy.*2. Afore, afore boyes,
Heres e'en enough to make us sport.
Yeo.sel. Pox take you, doe you call this sport?
Are these your recreations?
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?
Cook. Doe you heare Sir,
You Custard-pate, we goe too't for high treason,
An honourable fault, thy foolish father
Was hang'd for stealing sheep.
Boyes. Away, away boyes. (you sheep Pantler,
Cook. Doe you see how that sneaking rogue lookes now?
You peaching rogue that provided us these necklaces,
You poore rogue, you costive rogue you.
Pant. Pray, pray fellowes.
Cook. Pray for thy crusty soul, where's your reward now
Good goodman manchet, for your fine discovery?
I doe beseech you Sir, where are your dollers?
Draw with your fellows and be hang'd.
Yeo.sel, He must now,
For now he shall be hang'd first that's his comfort,
A place too good for thee, thou meale-mouthd rascall.
Coo. Hang handsomely for shame, come leave your pray-
You peaking knave, and die like a good Courtier, (ing
Die honestly and like a man, no preaching
With I beseech you take example by me.
I liv'd a lewd man good people. pox on't,
Die me as thou had'st din'd, say grace & God be with you.
Guard. Come will yee forward?
Cook. Good Master Sheriffe your leave too.
This hasty work was never done well, give us so much time
As but to sing our own Ballad, for weel trust no man

Nor no tune but our own, 'twas done in Ale too,
And therefore cannot be refus'd in justice,
Your penny-pot-Poets are such pelting theeves,
They hang men ever twice, we have it here Sir,
And so must every marchant of our voyage,
Heele make a sweet returne else of his credit.

Yeo.sel. One fit of our own mirth, and then we are for yee.

Guard. 1. Make hast then and dispatch.

Yeo.sel. Theres day enough Sir.

Cook. Come boyes sing cheerefully, we shall never sing (younger,
We have chose a loud tune too because it should like well.

They sing.

Come fortune's a whore I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a page of the Celler.
That should by his oath to any mans thinking
And place, have had a defence for his drinking.
But this she does when she pleases to palter,
Instead of his wages she gives him a halter.
Three merry boyes, and three merry boyes,
and three merry boyes are we,
As e're did sing three parts in a string,
All under the triple tree.

But if that was so lusty, and ever kept my bottles,
That neither they were musty, and seldome lesse then pottles.
For me to be thus stopt now
With hemp instead of Corke Sir,
And from the Gallows lopt now
Shewes that there is a forke Sir
In death, and this the Token.
Man may be two waies killed,
Or like the bottle broken,
Or like the wine be spilled.
Three merry boyes, &c.

O yet but looke on the master Cook the glory of the kitchin,
In sowing whose fate at so lofty a rate no Tayler had a stitch in.

For

For though he make the man,
The Cook yet makes the dishes:
The which no Tailor can,
Wherein I have my wishes.
That I who at so many a feast have pleas'd so many Tasters,
Should come my selfe for to be dreſt, a diſh for you my maſters.
Three merry boyes, &c.

O Man or Beast or you at least,
That wears or Brow or Antler,
Prick up your eares unto the teares,
Of me poore Paul the Pantler.
That am thus chipt, because I clipt,
The curſed cruſt of Treaſon
With loyall knife, O dolefull ſtrife,
To hang thus without Reaſon.
Three merry boyes, &c.

There's a few copies for ye now,
Farewell friends, and good Mr Sheriffe let me not
Be printed with a braſſe pot on my head.
Butl. March faire, march faire,
Afore good Captaine Pantler, *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Aubrey and Latorch.

Aub. Latorch I have waited here to ſpeake to you
And you muſt hearken: ſet not forth your leggs
Of haſt, nor put your face of buſineſſe on,
An honeſter affaire then this I urge too,
You will not eaſily thinke on, and 'twill be
Reward to entertaine it. 'Tis your fortune
To have our maiſters Eare above the reſt
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies,
For I have well conſidered, truth ſometimes
May be convay'd in by the ſame conduits
That falſhood is, Theſe courſes that he takes

Cannot but end in ruine, Empire got
By bloud and violence muſt ſo be held,
And how unſafe it is, he firſt will prove,
That toyling ſtill to remove Enemies
Makes himſelfe more: it is not now a Brother,
A faithfull Counſailor of ſtate or two,
That are his danger, they are faire diſpatcht,
It is a multitude that gin to feare
And think, what began there muſt end in them,
For all the fine Oration that was made 'em;
And they are not an eaſy monſter quell'd.
Princes may pick their ſuffering nobles on't,
And one by one employ them to the block:
But when they once grow formidable to
Their Clownes and Coblers, ware then guard themſelves;
If you durſt tell him this *Latorch*, the ſervice
Would not diſcredit the good name you hold
With men: beſides the profit to your maiſter,
And to the publique.

Lator. I conceive not ſir,
Their ayery feares, and why ſhould I object 'em
Vnto his fancy, wound what is yet ſound?
Your Counſells colour not with reaſon of ſtate,
Where all that's neceſſary ſtill is juſt.
The actions of the Prince, while they ſucceed,
Should be made good and glorifide, not queſtion'd:
Men doe but ſhew their ill affections
That-----

Aub. What? ſpeake out.

Lator. Doe murmure gainſt their maiſters.

Aub. Is this to mee?

Lator, It is to whoſoever,
Miſlikes o' the Dukes courſes.

Aub. I? is't ſo?
At your ſtate ward ſir.

Lator. I am ſworne to heare,
Nothing may prejudice the Prince.

Aub. Why? doe you?

Or have you? ha?
Lator. I cannot tell: mens hearts
Shew in their words sometimes.
Aub. I ever thought thee
Knave o'th chamber: art thou the spy too?
Lator. A watchman for the State, and one that's known
Sir, to be rightly affected.
Aub. Baude of the State,
No lesse then of thy maisters lusts; I now
See nothing can redeeme thee, dar'st thou mention,
Affection or a heart that ne're hadst any?
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the scale
As thy Prince does't before thee, that dost never
Weare thine own face, but putst on his, and gatherst
Baites for his eares, liv'st wholy at his beck,
And ere thou durst utter a thought thine owne,
Must expect his, creep'st forth and wad'st into him,
As if thou wert to passe a ford, there proving
Yet, if thy tongue may step on safely or no,
Then bringst his virtue a sleepe, and staist the wheele
Both of his reason and Iudgement that they move not,
Whit'st over all his vices, and at last
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
Till neither he can see thee nor himselfe.
Wretch I dare give him honest Counsells, I,
And love him whil'st I tell him truth: old *Aubrey*
Dares goe the straightest way, which still's the shortest.
Walke on the thornes thou scatterst, Parasite,
And tread 'em unto nothing: and if thou
Then letst a looke fall of the least dislike,
Ile rip thy Crowne up with my sword at height,
And pluck thy skinne over thy face in sight.
Of him thou flattrest: unto thee I speake it
Slave, against whom all lawes should now conspire,
And e'ry creature that hath sence be arm'd,
As 'gainst the common enimy of mankind.
That sleep'st within thy maisters eare, and whilper'st,
'Tis better for him to be fear'd then lov'd,

Bid'st

Bid'ſt him truſt no mans friendſhip; ſpare no bloud
That may ſecure him ; Tis no cruelty
That hath a ſpatious end for ſoveraignety,
Break all the lawes of kind, if it ſucceed,
An honeſt noble and praiſeworthy deed,
While he that takes thy poyſons in, ſhall feele,
Their virulent workings in a point of time,
When no repentance can bring aide, but all
His ſpirits ſhall melt, with what his conſcience burn'd,
And dying in a flatterers armes ſhall fall unmourn'd.
There's matter for you now.

Lator. My Lord this makes not,
For loving of my maiſter.

Aub. Loving? no,
They hate ill Princes moſt that make 'em ſo.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, Guard.

Roll. Ile heare no more.

Ham. Alas tis for my brother,
I beſeech your highneſſe.

Roll. How? a brother?
Had not I one my ſelfe? did title move mee,
When it was fit that he ſhould dye? away.

Allan. Brother looſe no word more, leave my good cauſe
To upbraid the Tyrant. Ime glad I am ſalne
Now in thoſe times that will'd ſome great example
T'aſſure men we can dye for honeſty.

Roll. Sir you are brave, pray that you hold your neck
As bravely forth anon unto the headſman.

Allan, Would he would ſtrike as bravely, and thou by
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to ſee me dye,

Aub. What's his offence?

Ham. For giving *Gisbert* buriall
Who was ſometimes his Maiſter.

Allan. Yes Lord *Aubrey*,
My gratitude and humanity are my Crimes.

Roll. Why beare you him not hence?

Aub. My Lord, (ſtay ſouldiers)
I doe beſeech your highneſſe doe not looſe,

Such

Such men for ſo ſleight clauſes, this is one
Hath ſtill been faithfull to you, a try'd ſoule
In all your fathers battailes. I have ſeen him
Beſtride a friend againſt a ſcore of foes;
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
For you Sir, were you in danger.

Allan. Till he kills his Brother, his Chancellour, then his
To which he can adde nought to equall *Nero* (amſter,
But killing of his mother.

Aub. Peace, brave foole,
Thou valiant Aſſe, here's his brother too Sir,
A Captaine of your Guard hath ſerv'd you long
With the moſt noble witneſſe of his truth
Mark'd in his face, and ev'ry part about him
That turnes not from an enemie: but view him,
And doe not grieve him, Sir, if you doe meane
That he ſhall hold his place, it is not ſafe
To tempt ſuch ſpirits, and let 'em weare their ſwords,
You make your Guards your terrours by theſe Acts,
And throw more hearts off from you then you hold,
And I muſt tell you Sir (with my old freedome,
And my old faith to boot) you have not liv'd ſo,
But that your ſtate will need ſuch men, ſuch hands,
Of which here's one ſhall in an houre of triall
Doe you more certaine ſervice with a ſtroke,
Then the whole bundle of your Flatterers,
With all th' unſavorie unction of their tongues.

Rollo. Peace talker.

Aub. One that loves you yet my Lord,
And would not ſee you pull on your own ruines,
Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him beſt,
A weand affrights they are no ties of love,
And when men 'gin to feare the Prince, they hate him.

Rollo. Am I the Prince or you?

Aub. My Lord, I hope
I have not utter'd ought ſhould urge that queſtion.

Rollo. Then practiſe your obedience, ſee him dead.

Aub. My Lord.

Rollo. Ile heare no word more.
Aub. I am ſorry then
There is no ſmall diſpaire Sir of their ſafety,
Whoſe eares are blocked up againſt the truth,
Come Captaine.
Ham. I doe thank you Sir.
Aub. For what?
For ſeeing thy brother dye a man and honeſt,
Live thou ſo Captaine, I will ſo, I aſſure thee,
Although I die for't too. Come. *Exeunt omnes præter Rollo, & Latorch.*

Rollo. Now *Latorch*,
What doe you think?
Lat. That *Aubries* ſpeech and manners
Sound ſomewhat of the boldeſt.
Rollo. Tis his cuſtome.
Lat. It may be ſo, and yet be worth a feare.
Rollo. If we thought ſo it ſhould be worth his life,
And quickly too.
Lat. I dare not Sir be author
Of what I would, he is ſo dangerous,
But with your highneſſe favour and your licenſe.
Rollo. He talkes 'tis true, and he is licens'd: leave him,
We now are Duke alone, *Latorch* ſecur'd,
Nothing left ſtanding to obſcure our proſpect,
We look right forth, beſides and round about us,
And ſee it ours with pleaſure: only one
Wiſht joy there wants to make us ſo poſſeſſe it,
And that is *Edith*, *Edith*, ſhe that got me
In bloud and teares in ſuch an oppoſite minute,
As had I not at once felt all the flames,
And ſhafts of love ſhot in me (his whole armory)
I ſhould have thought him as far off as death.
Lat. My Lord expect a while, your happineſſe
Is ne'rer then you think it, yet her griefes
Are greene and freſh, your vigilant *Latorch*
Hath not been idle, I have leave already
To viſit her and ſend to her.

Rollo. My life.
Lat. And if I finde not out as ſpeedy waies,
And proper inſtruments to work and bring her
To your fruition, that ſhe be not watch'd
Tame to your highneſſe, ſay you have no ſervant
Is capable of ſuch a truſt about you,
Or worthy to be---of your delight.
Rollo. O my *Latorch*, what ſhall I render thee
For all thy travells, care, and love?
Lat. Sir, one ſute,
Which I will ever importune till you grant me.
Rollo. About your Mathematitians.
Lat. Yes to have
The ſcheme of your nativity judg'd by them.
I hav't already erected, O my Lord,
You doe not know the labour of my feares.
My doubts for you are ſuch as cannot hope
Any ſecurity but from the ſtarres,
Who being rightly ask'd can tell man more,
Then all power elſe, there being no power beyond them.
Rollo. All thy petitions ſtill are care of us.
Aske for thy ſelfe.
Lat. What more can concerne me
Then this?
Rollo. Well riſe true honeſt man and goe then,
We'le ſtudy our ſelves a meanes how to reward thee.
Lat. Your Grace is now inſpir'd, now, now your Highnes
Begins to live, from this houre count your joyes,
But Sir, I muſt have warrants with blanck figures
To put in names ſuch as I like.
Rollo. You ſhall.
Lat. They dare not elſe Sir offer at your figure,
O I ſhall bring you wonders, there's a Fryer,
Ruſſee an admirable man
Another Gentleman, and then *La-fiske*,
The mirrour of his time, 'twas he that ſet it,
But theres one *Norbret*, (him I never ſaw)
Has made a mirrour, a meere lookin-glaſſe

In ſhow you'd think't no other, the forme ovall,
As I am given to underſtand by letter,
Which renders you ſuch ſhapes, & thoſe ſoe differing
And ſome that will be queſtion'd, and give anſwers,
Then has he ſet it in a frame that wrought
Vnto the revolutions of the ſtarres,
And ſo compacted by due proportions
Vnto their harmony doth move alone
A true *Automicon*: Thus *Dedalus* ſtatues
Or Vulcans ſtooles---

Rollo. Do'ſt thou beleeve this?

Lat. ſir, Why what ſhould ſtay my faith or turn my ſence,
He has been about it above twenty yeares,
Three ſeavens, the powerfull and the perfect numbers,
And art and time Sir can produce ſuch things,
What doe we read there, that *Hiarbaes* banquet
The great Gymnoſophiſt that had his Butlers
And Carvers of pure gold wait at the table:
The images of *Mercury* too, that ſpoke,
The wooden Dove that flew, a Snake of Braſſe
That hiſt: and Birds of ſilver that did ſing.
All theſe were done Sir by the Mathematiques:
Without which there's no ſcience nor no truth.

Rollo. You are in your own ſphere (*Latorch*) & rather
Then I'le contend with you for it, I'le beleeve you.
Yo' have woon upon me that I wiſh to ſee
My fate before me now, what ere it be.

Lat. And I'le endeavour you ſhall know't with ſpeed,
For which I ſhould have one of truſt goe with me,
If you pleaſe, *Hamond*, that I may by him
Send you my firſt diſpatches: after I
Shall bring you more, as they come more,
And accurate forth from them.

Rollo. Take your way,
Chooſe your own meanes, and be it proſperous to us.

Exeunt.

SCENA

SCENA 2.

Enter Russe, Debube, La Fiske, Norbret, Pippeau.

Russe. Come beare up Sirs, we ſhall have better daies,
Mine Almanack tells mee.
Bube. Whats that, your rumpe.
Russ. It never itch't in vaine yet; ſlid *La Fiske*,
Throw off thy ſluggiſh face, I cannot abide
To ſee thee look like a poore Iade i'th pound,
That ſaw no meat theſe three daies.
Fiske. S'light to me,
It ſeemes thirteen daies ſince I ſaw any.
Russ. How?
Fisk. I cannot remember that I ever ſaw
Or meat or mony, you may talke of both,
To open a mans Stomack or his purſe,
But feed 'em ſtill with aire.
Bube. Fryer, I feare
You doe not ſay your office well adaies,
I cannot heare your beads knack.
Nor. Pox, he feeds
With lechery, and lives upon th'exchange
Of his two eggs and puddings, with the market-women.
Russ. And what doe you ſir with the Advocates wife,
That you perſwade upon your Doctorall bed,
To take the Mathematicall trance ſo often?
Fisk. Come we are ſtarke nought all; bad's the beſt on's,
Foure of the Seaven deadly ſpots we are,
Beſides our lechery we are envious
And moſt, moſt gluttinous when we have it thus,
Moſt covetous now we want it: then our boy,
He is a fift ſpot, ſloth, and he undoes us.
Bub. Tis true the child was wont to be induſtrious,
And now and then ſend in a Merchants wife
Sick o'th husband, or a ſwearing Butler
That miſt one of his Boles; a crying maid
Had loſt a ſilver ſpoone: the Curry-combe

Sometimes was wanting, there was ſomething gotten
But now -----

Pip. What now, did I not yeſter-morning
Bring you in a Cardicue there from the Peaſant,
Whoſe Aſſe I had driven aſide and hid that you
Might conjure for him? and then laſt night
Six ſouſe from the Cookes wife, yee ſhard among yee
To ſet a figure for the peſtle I ſtole,
It is not at home yet. Theſe things my maiſters,
In a hard time they would be thought on, you
Talke o'your Lands, and Caſtles in the aire
O'your twelve houſes there, but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, tis *Pipeau*
That is your bird cal'd.

Nor. Faith he does well,
And cuts through the Element for us, I muſt needs ſay
In a fine dextrous line.

Fisk. But not as he did
At firſt, then he would ſaile with any winde
In't' ev'ry creek and corner.

Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd, when I came to you Gentlemen,
But now with often and farre ventring for you,
Here be leakes ſprung, and whole plancks wanting, ſee you,
If you'l new ſheath me againe, yet I am for you
To any bog or ſleights, where you'l ſend mee,
For as I am, where can this ragged barke
Put in for any ſervice, leſſe it be
I'th ile of Rogues, and there turne Pyrate for you.

Norb. Faith he ſaies reaſon, Fryer you muſt leave
Your neat criſpt Clarret, and fall to your Sider
A while; and you *La Fiske* your larded Capons
And Turkies for a time, and take a good
Cleane tripe in your way; *Debube* too muſt content him
With wholſome two ſous'd pettitoes, no more crowne Ordinaries,
Till we have clothd our Infant.

Bube. So you'l keepe your owne good motions Doctor, your deere ſelfe.

Fiske

Fiske. Yes for we all doe know the latitude
O'your concupiſcence.
Ruſſ. Heere, about your belly.
Bube. You'l pick a bottle open, or a whimſey
As ſoone as the beſt on us.
Fiske. And dip your wriſt-bands,
(For cuffes you ha'none) as comely in the ſawce,
As any Courtier ---- heark, the Bell, who's there.
Ruſſ. Good luck I doe conjure thee, boy look out.
Pip. They are Gallants, Courtiers, one of 'em is
Of the Dukes Bedchamber,
Ruſſ. Latorch downe,
On with your Gowne, there's a new ſute arriv'd
Did I not tell you Sonnes of honger? Crownes
Crownes are comming towards you: wine and w enches
You ſhall have once againe: and Fidlers
Into your ſtudies cloſe, each lay his eare.
This doore, and as you heare mee to prepare you,
So come, and put me on that viſour only.

Bells Ring within. Exit Pip. and enter againe.

Enter Latorch and Hamond.

Lato. Youl not be farre hence Captain, when the buſineſſe
Is done, you ſhall receive preſent diſpatch.
Ham. Ile walke ſir i'th cloiſter.
Ruſſ. Mounſieur *Latorch*, my ſonne,
The ſtarres are happy ſtill that guide you hither.
Lator. I am glad to heare their Secretary ſay ſo,
My learned Father *Ruſſee*, where's *La Fiske*,
Mounſieur *La Bube*, how doe they.
Ruſſ. At their ſtudies,
They are the Secretaries of the Starres ſir,
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,
They ſtick like cupping glaſſes; if ever men
Spoke with the tongue of deſtiny, 'tis they.
Lator. For loves ſake lets ſalute 'em.
Ruſſ. Boy goe ſee,
Tell 'em who's heere, ſay that their friends doe challenge
Some portion of their time, this is our minute,
Pray them they will ſpare it, they are the Sunne & Moone

Of

Of knowledge, pitty two such noble lights
Should live obscur'd, heere, heere in a Vniversity,
Whose beams were fitt'illuminate any Court
Of Christendome----

Enter La Fiske, De Bube, and Pipeau.

Fisk. Well look upon the Astrolobe, you'l finde it
For Almucanturies at least.

Bube. It is so.

Ruff. still of their learned stuffe, they care for nothing.
But how to know, as negligent of their bodies
In Dyet or else, especially in their clothes
As if they had no change.

Pip. They have so little,
As may well free'em from the name of shifters.

Fisk. Mounsieur *Latorch.*

Lator. How is it learned Gentlemen,
With both your vertues.

Bube. A most happy houre
When we see you sir.

Lator. When you heare me then,
It will be happier; The Duke greets you both
Thus, & though you may touch no mony father,
Yet you may take it.

Ruff, T is his highnesse bounty,
But yet to me and those that have put off
The world superfluous.

Fisk. We have heard of late his highnesse good successe.

Bube. And gratulate it.

Lator. Indeed he hath scap't a strange conspiracy,
Thanks to his starres, which starrs he prayes by mee,
You would againe consult and make a judgement
On what you lately erected for my love.

Ruff. O sir, we dare not.

Fisk. For our lives.

Bube. It is
The Princes Scheme.

Lator, T'incounter With that feare
Here's to assure you, his signet, write your names,

And

And be ſecur'd all three.
Bub. We muſt intreat ſome time Sir.
Lat. I muſt then
Intreat, it be as preſent as you can.
Fisk. Ha' you the Scheme here?
Lat. Yes.
Ruſſ. I would you had Sir
Another warrant.
Lat. What would that doe.
Ruſſ. Marry,
We have a Doctour Sir that in this buſineſſe
Would not performe the ſecond part.
Lat. Not
Him that you writ to me of?
Ruſ. The very ſame.
Lat. I ſhould have made it Sir my ſute to ſee him.
Here is a warrant (Father), I conceiv'd
That he had ſoly apply'd himſelfe to Magick.
Ruſ. And to theſe ſtudies too Sir, in this field
He was imitated: but we ſhall hardly
Draw him from his chaire.
Lat. Tell him he ſhall have gold.
Fisk. O ſuch a ſyllable would make him forſweare
Ever to breath in your ſight.
Sir, he (if you doe pleaſe to give any thing)
Muſt hav't convai'd under a paper.
Ruſ. Or left behinde ſome book in his ſtudy.
Bub. Or in ſome old wall.
Fisk. Where his Familiars
May tell him of it, and that pleaſes him ſir.
Bub. Or elſe Ile goe and aſſay him.
Lat. Take gold with you.
Ruſ. That will not be amiſſe, give it the boy ſir,
He knowes his holes, and how to bait his ſpirits.
Pip. We muſt lay in ſeverall places ſir.
Ruſ. That's true,
That if one come not, the other may hit.
Lat. Well goe then; is he ſo learn'd Gentlemen?

Fisk. The very top of our profession, mouth of the Fates,
Pray Heaven his spirits be in good humour to take,
They'le fling the gold about the house else.
Bub. I,
And beat the Fryer, if he goe not well
Furnisht with holy water.
Fisk. Sir you must observe him.
Bub. Not crosse him in a word: for then he's gone.
Fisk. If he doe come, which is a hazard yet,
Mas he's there, this is speed. *Enter Norbret,*
Norb. Where is your scheme? *Russe, Pipe and*
Let's see't; dispatch: nay fumbling now, who's this?
Rus. Chiefe Gentleman of the Dukes chamber Doctour.
Norb. O let him be, good even to him, he's a Courtier,
Ile spare his complement tell him: whats here?
The geniture nocturnall longitude
At twenty one degrees the latitude
At forty nine and ten minutes, how are the *Cardines*?
Fisk. *Libra* in twenty foure, forty foure minutes,
And *Capricorne*.
Norb. I see't see the Planets
Where, how they are dispos'd, the Sunne and *Mercury*,
Mars with the Dragons taile, the third house,
And *pars fortuna* in the *Imo cœli*.
Then *Iupiter* in the twelfe, the *Cacudæmon*.
Bud. And *Venus* in the second, *infernæ portæ*,
Norb. I see it, peace; then *Saturne* i'th fift,
Luna ith' seaventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
That *Mars* his *gaudium* rising in the ascendant,
That joint with *Libra* too, the house of *Venus*,
And *Imum Cœli*, *Mars* his exultation
Ith' seaventh house, *Aries* being his naturall house,
And where he is now seated: and all these shew him
To be the *Almuter*.
Rus. Yes he's Lord of the genitures,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomies* way,
Or *Nasahales*, *Laell*, or *Alkindus*.
Fisk. No other Planet hath so many dignities

Either

Either by himſelſe, or in regard o'th *Cuſpes.*
Norb. Why hold your tongue then, if you know it; *Venus*
The Lady of the *Horoſcope*, being *Libra*,
The other part *Mars* rules: ſo that the geniture
Being nocturnall, *Luna* is the higheſt,
None elſe being in ſufficient dignitie,
She being in *Aries* in the ſeaventh houſe
Where *Sol* exalted is the *Alchocoden.*
Bub. Yes for you ſee he hath his termine
In the degrees where ſhe is ſand enjoyes
By that ſix dignities.
Fisk. Which are cleerely more
Then any elſe that view her i'the ſcheme.
Norb. Why I ſaw this, and could ha told you too
That he beholds her with a trine aſpect
Here out of *Sagitary*, almoſt partly,
And how that *Mars* out of the ſelfe ſame houſe,
(But another ſigne) here by a platique aſpect
Looks at the hilage, with a quartile ruling
The houſe where the ſunne is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you will out-run me, and more,
That this ſame quartile aſpect to the Lady of life,
Here the ſeaventh promiſes ſome danger,
Cauda Draconis being ſo neere *Mars*,
And *Caput Algell* in the houſe of death.
Lat. How Sir? I pray you cleere that.
Norb. What is the queſtion firſt?
Ruſ. Of the Dukes life, what dangers threaten him?
Norb, Apparent and thoſe ſuddaine: when the *Hyley*,
Or *Alchocoden* by direction come
To a quartile oppoſition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the geniture (which is now
At hand) or elſe oppoſe to *Mars* himſelfe, expect it.
Lat. But they may be prevented.
Nor. Wiſdome only,
That rules the ſtarres may doe it, for *Mars* being
Lord of the genitu re in *Capricorne*,

Is (if you mark it) now a Sextile herein
With *Venus* Lady of the Horoscope,
So she being in her *exilium*, which is *Scorpio*
And *Mars* his *gaudium*; is o're rul'd by him.
And cleere debillitated, five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, so
That at the most she can but mittigate.
Lat. You cannot name the Persons brings this danger?
Nor. No, that the starres tells not us, they name no man;
Thats a work Sir of another place.
Ruf. Tell him whom you suspect, & hee'l guesse shrewdly.
Lat. Sir, we doe feare one *Aubrey*, ift twere he
I should be glad, for we should soone prevent him.
Fisk. I know him, the Dukes kinsman, a tall man.
Lay hold on't *Norbret*.
Nor. Let me pause a litle,
Is he not neere of bloud unto the Duke?
Lat. Yes reverend sir.
Nor. Fart for your reverence,
Keep it till then, and somewhat high of stature?
Lat He is so.
Norb. How old is he?
Fisk. About seaven and fifty.
Norb. His head and beard inclining to be gray?
Lat. Right Sir.
Fisk. And fat.
Norb. He's somewhat corpulent, is he not?
Lat. You speak the man sir?
Norb. Well look to him, farewell. *Exit Norb.*
Lat. O it is *Aubrey*: Gentlemen I pray you
Let me receive this under all your hands.
Ruf. Why he will shew you him in his Magick glasse
If you intreat him; and but gratifie
A spirit or two more.
Lat. He shall eat gold
If he will have it, so you shall all, there's that
Amongst you first: let me have this to send

The Duke inth' meane time; and then what sights
You please to shew Ile have you so rewarded
As never Artists were: you shall to Court
Along with mee; and there not waite your fortunes.
Bube. We have a pretty peece on't in our pockets:
Boy we will all be new, you shall along too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Edith.

Mat. Good Madam heare the sute that *Edith* urges
With such submisse beseeches, nor remaine
So strictly bound to sorrow for your sonne,
That nothing else, though never so befitting,
Obtaines your eares or observation.
Soph. What would she say? I heare.
Edith. My sute is Madam,
That you would please to think as well of justice,
Due to your sonnes revenge, as of more wrong added
To both your selves for it; in only grieving,
Th'undaunted power of Princes should not be,
Confin'd in deedlesse cold calamity.
Anger (the twin of sorrow) in your wrongs,
Should not be smother'd when his right of birth
Claimes th'ayre as well, and force of comming forth.
Soph. Sorrow is due already, anger never
Should be conceiv'd but where it may be borne.
In some fact fit t'employ his active fame,
That else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false starre that quenches as it glides.
Edith. I have such means t'employ it as your wish
Can think no better, easier or securer
And such, as but for th'honours I intend
To your partakings I alone could end,
But your parts in all dues to crying bloud
For Vengeance in the shedder, are much greater,
And therefore should worke your hands to his slaughter,
For your consent, to which 'twere infinite wrong,
To your severe and most impartiall justice,
To move you to forget so false a sonne,
As with a mothers duty made you curse him.

Mat. Edith he is forgot for any ſonne
Borne of my mother, or to mee a brother,
For ſhould we ſtill performe our rights to him,
We ſhould pertake his wrongs: and as foule be
In bloud and damned Parricides ſhe:
And therefore tell the happy meanes that heaven
Puts in thine hand, for all our long'd for freedome,
From ſo abhorr'd and impious a Monſter.

Soph. Tell what ſhe will ile lend nor hand nor eare,
To whatſoever heaven puts in her power. *Exit.*

Mat. How ſtrange ſhe is to what ſhe chiefly wiſhes.
Sweet *Edith*, be not any thought the more
Diſcourag'd in thy purpoſe, but aſſur'd
Her heart and prayers are thine: and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wiſh to doe.

Edith. Madam my ſelfe alone I make no doubt,
Will be afforded power enough from heaven
To end the Murderer: all I wiſh of you,
Is but ſome richer ornaments and jewels,
Then I am able to provide my ſelfe,
To help out the defects of my poore beauty,
That yet have beene enough as now they are,
To make his fancy mad with my deſire,
But you know Maddam, women never can,
Be too faire to torment an Amorous man;
And this mans torments I would heighten ſtill,
Till at their higheſt he were fit to kill.

Mat. Thou ſhalt have all my jewells and my mothers,
And thou ſhalt paint too, that his blouds deſire,
May make him periſh in a painted fire.
Haſt thou been with him yet?

Edith. Been with him? no;
I ſet that hower back t'haſt more his longing,
But I have promis'd to his Inſtruments,
Th'admittance of a Viſit at our houſe,
Where yet I would receive him with all luſter
My ſorrow would give leave too, to remove
Suſpition of my purpoſe.

All

Mat. Thou ſhalt have,
All I can adde, ſweet wench, in jewels, tires,
Ile be my ſelfe thy dreſſer; nor may I
Serve mine owne love with an attracted husband,
More ſweetly nor more amptly then maiſt thou,
Thy forward will with his bewich'd affections:
Affects thou any perſonall aide of mine,
Mine nobleſt Edith?

Edith. Nought but your kind prayers,
For full effect and ſpeed of my affaire.

Mat. They're thine (my *Edith*) as for me mine owne,
For thou well know'ſt if bloud ſhed of the beſt,
Should coole and be forgotten, who would feare
To ſhed bloud ſtill, or where (alas) were then,
The endleſſe love we owe to worthleſſe men.

Edith. Love of the worthieſt ever bleſſe your highneſſe.

Exeunt.

ACTUS. 5. SCENA. 1.

Enter Rollo with a glaſſe, Aubrey and Servants.

Roll. I never ſtudied my glaſſe till now,
'Tis exceeding well, now leave me coſen,
How takes your eye the object.

Aub. I have learnt
So much Sir of the Courtier, as to ſay
Your perſon does become your habit, but
Being call'd unto it by a noble warre,
Would grace an Armour better.

Roll. You are ſtill
For that great Art, of which you are the maiſter,
Yet I muſt tell you, that to th'encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus we bring
As troubled bloud, fears mixt with flattering hopes,
The danger in the ſervice too as great,
As when we are to charge quite through and through

The

The body of an Army.
Aub. Ile not argue
How you may ranke the dangers, but will dye in't,
The ends which they arrive at, are as distant
In e'ry circumstance, as farre as honour
Is from shame and repentance.
Roll. You are soure.
Aub. I would speak my free thoughts yet not appeare so,
Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one, that dares talke any thing that runnes
Against the Torrent of his owne opinion,
That I affect to speake ought may offend you.
And therefore gratious Sir, be pleas'd to think,
My manners or discretion have inform'd mee,
That I was borne in all good ends to serve you,
And not to check at what concernes me not,
I look not with sore eyes on your rich outside,
Nor wrack my thoughts to finde out to what purpose
'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,
And that I hope offends not. For a Subject
Towards his Prince in things indifferent,
To use the austereneſſe of a censuring Cato,
Is arrogance not freedome.
Roll. I commend
This temper in you, and will cherish it.
Enter Hamond with letters.
Roll. They come from Rhoane, *Latorch* imploy'd you.
I must not now be troubled with a thought,
Of any new designe, good *Aubrey* read them,
And as they shall direct you, use my power
Or to reply or execute.
Aub. I will Sir.
Rolla. And Captaine bring a squadron of our guard,
To the house that late was *Baldwins*, and there waite mee.
Ham. I shall.
Roll. Some two houres hence.
Ham. With my best care.
Roll. Inspire mee love, and be thy diety

Or

Or ſcorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'ſt mee. *Exit Roll.*
Ham. My ſtay to doe my duty, may be wrongs
Your Lordſhips privacy.
Aub. Captaine your love
Is ever welcome. I intreat your patience
While I peruſe theſe.
How's this? a plot on mee!
Ham. What is contain'd
In the letters that I brought that thus tranſports him?
Aub. To be wrought on by rogues, and have my head
Brought to the Axe by knaves that cheat for bread,
The creatures of a Parafite, a ſlave,
I finde you here *Latorch*, nor wonder at it,
But that this honeſt Captaine ſhould be made
His inſtrument, afflicts mee; Ile make tryall,
Whether his will or weakneſſe made him to it.
Captaine you ſaw the Duke when he commanded
I ſhould doe what theſe letters did direct mee,
And I preſume you think I'le not neglect
For feare or favour, to remove all dangers,
How neere ſoever that man can be to mee,
From whom they ſhould have birth.
Ham. It is confirm'd.
Aub. Nor would you Captaine I beleeve refuſe,
Or for reſpect of thankfullneſſe or hopes,
To uſe your ſword with fulleſt confidence,
Where he ſhall bid you ſtrike.
Ham. I never have don.
Aub. Nor will I think.
Ham. I hope it is not queſtion'd.
Aub. The meanes to have it ſo is now propos'd you,
Draw, ſo, 'tis well, and next;---cut off my head.
Tis ſir the Dukes pleaſure,
My innocence hath made me dangerous
And I muſt be remov'd, and you the man
Muſt act his will.
Ham. Ile be a traitor firſt,
Before I ſerve it thus.

Aub. It must be done,
And that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant,
But as you read, remember *Hamond* that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession,
And though it be not manly, I must grieve
That man of whose love I was most ambitious,
Could finde no object for his hate but mee,
Ham. It is no time to talke now honour'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to heare thy servant, I am wrong'd
And cannot, being now to serve the Duke,
Stay to expresse the manner how, but
If I doe not suddenly give you strong proofes,
Your life is deerer to me then my owne,
May I live base and dye, so sir your pardon. *Exit. Ham.*
Au. I am both waies ruin'd, both waies mark'd for slaugh-
On every side about, behind, before mee, (ter,
My certain fate is fixt, were I knave now
I could avoid this: had my actions,
But meere relations to their own ends, *I* could scape now:
O honesty, thou elder child of vertue,
Thou seed of heaven, why to acquire thy goodnesse,
Should mallice and distrust stick thornes before us?
And make us swimme unto thee hung with hazards.
But heaven is got by suffering, not disputeing:
Say he know this before hand, where am *I* then?
Or say he doe not know it, where's my loyalty?
I know his nature troubled as the Sea,
And as the Sea devouring, where he is vex'd,
And *I* know Princes are their own expounders,
Am *I* afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in my innocence uprightly?
Have *I* met death in all his formes and fears,
Now on the points of swords, now pitcht on lances,
In fires, in stormes of arrowes, battles, breaches,
And shall *I* now shrink from him when he courts mee?
Smileing and full of Sanctity? ile meet him,
My loyall hand and heart shall give this to him,
And though it beare, beyond what Poets feigne,

A puniſhment; duty ſhall meet that paine,
And my moſt conſtant heart to doe him good, *Enter Meſſ.*
Shall check at neith er pale affright nor bloud.
Meſſ. The Ducheſſe preſently would crave your preſence.
Aub. I come; and *Aubrey* now reſolve to keepe,
Thy honour living though thy body ſleepe. *Exit.*

Enter Edith and a boy.

A banquet ſet out.

Edith. Now for a Fathers murther and the ruine,
All chaſtity ſhall ſuffer if he raigne,
Thou bleſſed ſoule look downe and ſteel thy daughter,
Looke on the Sacrifice ſhe comes to ſend thee,
And through that bloudy cloud behold my piety.
Take from my cold heart feare, from my ſexe pitty.
And as *I* wipe theſe teares off, ſhed for thee,
So all remembrance may *I* looſe of mercy,
Give mee a womans anger, bent to bloud,
The wildneſſe of the winds to drowne his prayers,
Stormelike may my deſtruction fall upon him,
My rage like roving Billowes as they riſe,
Pour'd on his ſoule to ſinke it; give me flattery,
(For yet my conſtant ſoule nere knew diſſembling)
Flattery the food of fooles, that *I* may rock him,
And lull him in the downe of his deſires,
That in the height of all his hopes and wiſhes,
His Heaven forgot, and all his luſts upon him, (*Rollo.*
My hand like thunder from a cloud may ceize him, *Enter*
I heare him come, goe boy and entertaine him.

The Song.

Take ô take thoſe lipps away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworne,
And thoſe eyes like break of day,
Lights that doe miſlead the morne,
But my kiſſes bring againe,
Seales of love though ſeal'd in vaine.

Hide ô hide thoſe hills of Snow,
That thy frozen boſome beares,

On whose tops the pincks that grow,
Are yet of those that Aprill wears,
But first set my poore heart free,
Bound in those Icy chaines by thee.

Roll. What bright starre taking beauties forme upon her,
In all the happy lustre of heavens glory,
Has dropt downe from the skye to comfort mee?
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee,
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kisse,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetnesse.

Edith. My gratious Lord, no diety dwells here,
Nor nothing of that vertue but obedience,
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Roll. Can it be flattery to sweare those eyes
Are loves eternall lamps, he fires all hearts with
That tongue the smart string to his bow; those sighes,
The deadly shafts he sends into our soules,
O look upon me with thy spring of beauty.

Edith. Your Grace is full of game.

Roll. By heaven my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she got thee. (out.

Edith. And thine on brambles, that hath prickt her heart

Roll. The sweetnesse of th' Arabian winde still blowing,
Vpon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures call thee Mistris.

Edith. Wilt please you sit Sir.

Roll. So you please sit by mee.
Faire gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The Excellency that appears upon thee
Tyes up my tongue, pray speak to mee.

Edith. Of what sir.

Roll. Of any thing, and any thing is excellent,
Will you take my direction, speak of love then,
Speak of thy faire selfe *Edith*, and whilst thou speakst,
Let me thus languishing give up my selfe wench.

Edith. Has a strange cunning tongue, why doe you sigh sir,

How.

How masterly he turnes himselfe to catch me.
Rollo. The way to Paradise (my gentle maid)
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding
With all her holy helps the doore to enter,
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feele?
Edith. Your teares sir,
You weep extreamly: strengthen me now Iustice,
Why are these sorrowes Sir?
Rollo. Thou'lt never love me
If I should tell thee, and yet there is no way left
Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,
But swimming thither in these teares.
Edith. I stagger.
Rollo. Are they not drops of bloud?
Edith. No.
Rollo. They are for bloud then,
For guiltlesse bloud, and they must drop my *Edith*,
They must thus drop till I have drown'd my mischiefes.
Edith. If this be true I have no strength to touch him.
Rollo. Pree thee look upon me, turne not from me,
Ahlas I doe confesse I'me made of mischiefe,
Begot with all mens miseries upon me,
But see my sorrowes minde, and doe not thou learne,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softnesse,
Whose true condition tendernesse of nature.
Edith. My anger melts, ô I shall loose my justice.
Rollo. Doe not thou learne to kill with cruelty,
(Those blessed eyes) as I have done with mallice,
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorne,
As I deserve it Lady for my true love
When thou hadst loden me with earth for ever.
Take heed my sorrowes, and the stings I suffer,
Take heed my nightly dreames of death and horrour
Pursue thee not, no time shall tell thy griefes then,
Nor shall an houre of joy adde to thy beauties;
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father,
As I was smear'd in bloud doe thou not hate me,
But thus in whitenesse of my wash'd repentance

In my hearts teares and truth of love to *Edith*,
In my faire life hereafter.
Edith. He will foole me.
Rollo. O with thine Angell eyes behold and blesse me,
Of heaven we call for mercy, and obtaine it,
To justice for our right on earth, and have it,
Of thee *I* beg for love, save me, and give it.
Edith. Now heaven thy help, or *I* am gone for ever,
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pitty.

Enter Hamond and Guard.

Ham. Keep the doore safe, and upon paine of death
Let no man enter till *I* give the word.
Guard. We shall Sir.
Ham. Here he is in all his pleasure.
Rollo. I have my wish.
How now, why dost thou stare so?
Edith. A help *I* hope.
Rollo. What dost thou here? who sent thee?
Ham. My brother, and the base malitious office
Thou mad'st me doe to *Aubrey*: pray.
Rollo. Pray?
Ham. Pray,
Pray, if thou canst pray, *I* shall kill thy soule else,
Pray suddenly.
Rollo. Thou canst not be so traiterous.
Ham. *I*t is a justice: stay Lady,
For *I* perceive your end; a womans hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.
Edith. Tis my glory.
Ham. Tis mine, stay & share with me: By the Gods *Rollo*
There is no way to save thy life,
Rol. No?
Ham. No,
*I*t is so monstrous no repentance cures it. (bloud
Rollo. Why then thou shalt kill her first, and what this
Will cast upon thy curs'ed head.
Ham. Poore guard Sir.
Ed. Spare not brave Captaine.

Rol. Feare or the divell ha thee.
Ham. Such feare Sir as you gave your honour'd mother,
When your moſt vertuous brother ſheild-like held her,
Such ile give you; put her away.
Rol. I will not,
I will not dye ſo tamely.
Ham. Murdrous villaine,
Wilt thou draw ſeas of bloud upon thee?
Edith. Feare not,
Kill him good Captaine anyway diſpatch him,
My bodyes honour'd with that ſword that through me
Sends his black ſoule to hell, ô but for one hand.
Ham Shake him off bravely.
Edith. He's too ſtrong, ſtrike him.
Ham. O I am with you Sir, now keep you from him,
What has he got a knife?
Edith. Look to him Captaine
For now he will be miſchievous.
Ham. Doe you ſmile Sir?
Does it ſo tickle you, have at you once more.
Edith. O bravely thruſt, take heed he comes not in Sir,
To him againe, you give him too much reſpit.
Rollo. Yet wilt thou ſave my life, and ile forgive thee,
And give thee all, all honours, all advancements,
Call thee my friend.
Edith. Strike, ſtrike and heare him not,
His tongue will tempt a Saint.
Rollo. O for my ſoules ſake.
Edith. Save nothing of him.
Ham. Now for your farewell,
Are you ſo wary, take you that.
Rollo. Thou that too.
O thou haſt kil'd me baſely, baſely, baſely. *Dyes.*
Edith. The juſt reward of murder falls upon thee,
How doe you Sir, has he not hurt you?
Ham. No,
I feele not any thing. *Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey,*
Aub. I charge yee let us paſſe. *and Lords at the doore.*

Guard.

Guard. Yee cannot yet ſir.
Aub. Ile make my way then.
Guard. We are ſworne to our Captaine,
And till he give the word. *Enter Soph. Matil. Aub.*
Ham. Now let 'em in there. *Lords and attendants.*
Soph. O there he lies, ſorrow on ſorrow ſeeks me,
O in his bloud he lies.
Aub. Had you ſpoke ſooner this might have beene
Prevented, Take the Dutches,
And lead her off, this is no ſight for her eyes.
Mat. O bravely done wench.
Edith. There ſtands the noble doer.
Mat. May honour ever ſeek thee for thy juſtice,
O 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A juſtice even for heaven to envy at.
Farewell my ſorrowes, and my teares take truce,
My wiſhes are come round, ô bloudy brother,
Till this houre never beautious; till thy life
Like a full ſacrifice for all thy miſchiefes
Flow'd from thee in theſe rivers, never righteous,
O how mine eyes are quarri'd with their joyes now,
My longing heart ev'n leaping out for lightneſſe,
But, dye thy black ſinnes with thee, I forgive thee.
Aub. Who did this deed?
Ham. I, and I will anſwer it. *Dyes.*
Edith. He faints, ô that ſame curſed knife has kil'd him.
Aub. How?
Edith. He ſnatcht it from my hand for whom I bore it,
And as they grappell'd?
Aub. Iuſtice is ever equall.
Had it not been on him th'had'ſt dy'de too honeſt.
Did you know of his death?
Edith. Yes, and rejoyce in't.
Aub. I am ſorry for your youth then, for though the (ſtrictneſſe
Of law ſhall not fall on you, that of life muſt preſently;
Goe, to a Cloyſter preſently carry her,
And there for ever lead your life in penitence.
Edith. Beſt father to my ſoule, I give you thanks Sir.

And

And now my faint revenges have their ends,
My vowes ſhall be my kin, my prayers my friends. *Exit.*

Enter Latorch and Iuglers.

Lator. Stay there, ile ſtep in and prepare the Duke.
Norb. We ſhall have brave rewards.
Fisk. That's without queſtion. *Exe Aubrey.*
Lator. By this time where's my huffing friend Lord
Where's that good gentleman ... O I could laugh now,
And burſt my ſelfe with meere imagination,
A wiſe man and a valiant man, a juſt man
Should ſuffer himſelfe to be juggl'd out of the world,
By a number of poore Gipſies: farewell ſwaſh-buckler,
For I know thy mouth's cold enough by this time,
A hundred on yee I can ſhave as neatly,
And nere draw bloud in ſhow: now ſhall my honour
My power and vertue walke alone, my pleaſure
Obſerv'd by all, all knees bent to my worſhip,
All ſute's to mee, as faint of all their fortunes
Preferr'd and crowded too: what full place of credit
And what place now? your Lordſhip? no 'tis common,
But that ile think to morrow on, now for my buſineſſe.
Aub. Who's there.
Lator. Ha dead? my maiſter dead? *Aubrey* a live too?
Guard. Latorch ſir.
Aub. Ceize his body.
Lator. O my fortune,
My maiſter dead?
Aub. And you within this halfe houre
Prepare your ſelfe good Divell, you muſt to it,
Millions of gold ſhall not redeeme thy miſchiefes,
Behold the juſtice of thy practiſe villaine,
The maſſe of murders thou haſt drawne upon us,
Behold thy Doctrine, you look now for reward ſir,
To be advanc'd Ime ſure for all your labours,
And you ſhall have it; make his Gallowes higher
By twenty foot at the leaſt, and then advance him.
Lator. Mercy, mercy, 'tis too late foole. *Exit Lator.*
Aub. Such as you meant for mee, away with him,

What peeping knaves are those, bring 'em in fellowes;
Now, what are you?

Nor. Mathematicians,
And it like your Lordship.

Aub. And ye drew a figure.

Fisk. We have drawn many.

Aub. For the Duke I mean sir.
Latorches knaves you are.

Norb. We know the gentleman.

Aub. What did he promise yee.

Nor. We are paid already.

Aub. But I will see you better paid, goe whip 'em.

Nor. We doe beseech your Lordship, we were hired.

Aub. I know you were and you shall have your hire,
Whip 'em extreamely, whip that Doctour there,
Till he record himselfe a rogue.

Nor. I am one Sir.

Aub. Whip him for being one, and when they'r whipt,
Lead 'em to the gallowes to see their Patron hang'd;
Away with 'em.

Nor. Ah good my Lord. *Exeunt Juglers.*

Aub. Now to mine owne right Gentlemen.

Lord. 1. You have the next indeed, we all confesse it,
And here stand ready to invest you with it.

Lord. 2. Which to make stronger to you and the surer,
Then bloud or mischiefe dare infringe againe,
Behold this Lady sir, this noble Lady,
Full of that bloud as you are, of that neerenesse,
How blessed would it be?

Aub. I apprehend yee,
And so the faire *Matilda* dare accept mee,
Her ever constant servant.

Mat. In all pureness,
In all humillity of heart and service,
To the most noble *Aubrey* I submit mee.

Aub. Then this our first tye, now to our businesse.

Lor. 1. W'are ready all to put that honour on you.

Aub. These sad rights must be done first. Take up the bodies,
This as he was a Prince so princely funerall

Shall

Shall waite upon him: On this honeſt Captaine
The decency of Armes, a teare for him too.
Goe ſadly on, and as we view his bloud,
May his example in our rule raiſe good.

Exeunt.

Floriſh.

FINIS.